Steranko's illustrated Outland premieres.
Richard Corben remembers way back when.
Plus: Druillet, Chaykin, Findley,
and Bilal play on!

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July 1981
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The adult
illustrated fantasy
magazine

In this issue: STEPHEN KING terrifies!

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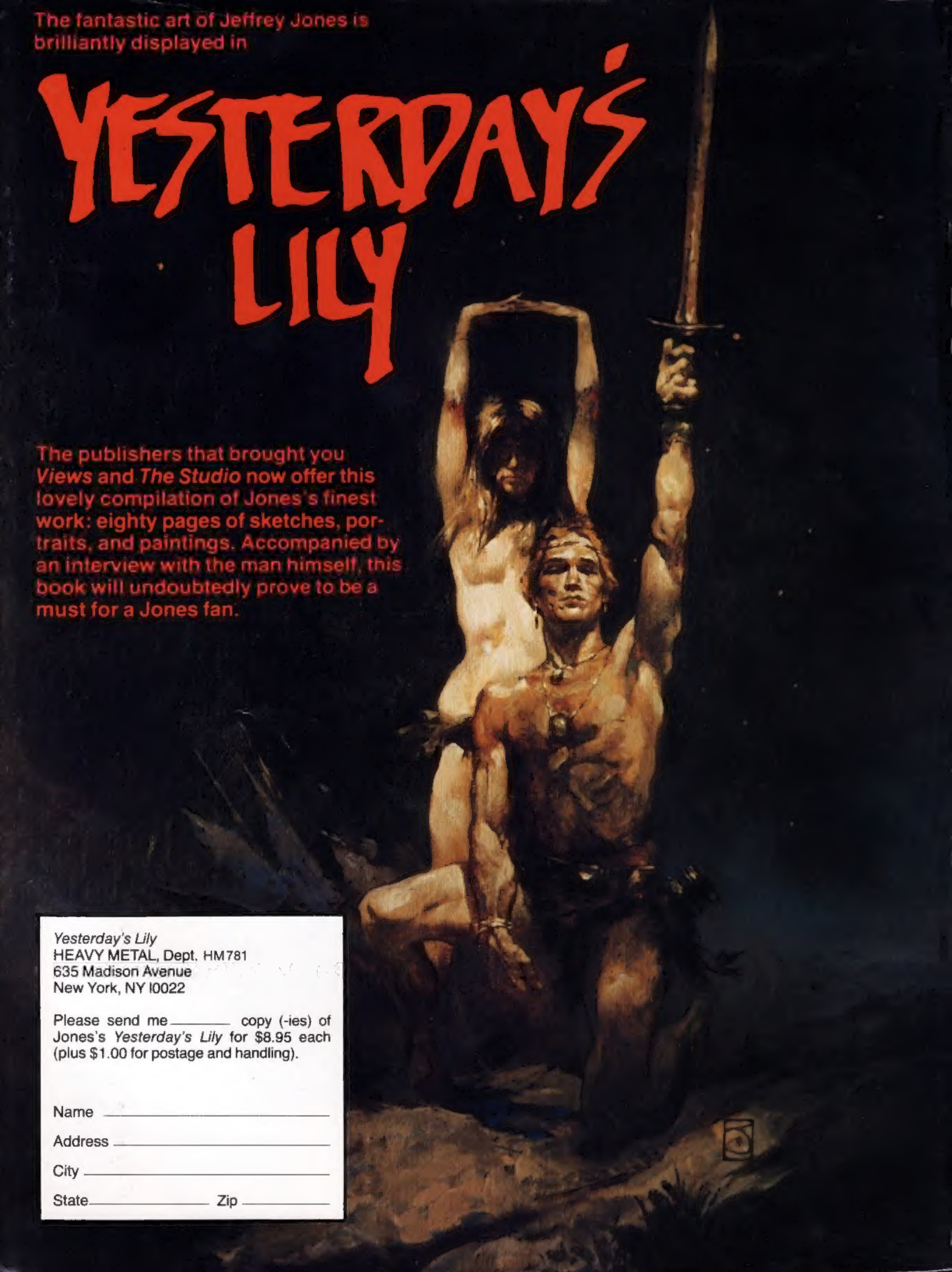
YESTERDAY'S LILY



The publishers that brought you *Views* and *The Studio* now offer this lovely compilation of Jones's finest work: eighty pages of sketches, portraits, and paintings. Accompanied by an interview with the man himself, this book will undoubtedly prove to be a must for a Jones fan.

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CONTENTS

The Richard Corben Interview, by **Brad Balfour,** 8

Bloodstar, by **Robert E. Howard.** Adapted by **John Jakes** and **John Pocsik.** Illustrated by **Richard Corben,** 15

Tex Arcana, by **John Findley,** 25

The Blue Air Compressor, by **Stephen King,** 31

Firaz, by **Philippe Druillet.** Illustrated by **Picotto,** 34

Outland, adapted by **Jim Steranko,** 47

The Immortals' Fete, by **Enki Bilal,** 58

Paradise, by **Vincente Alcazar,** 66

Whoodoo the Voodoo? by **Caza,** 75

Ri-'vyü-əd, 80

Cody Starbuck, by **Howard Chaykin,** 82

Rock Opera, by **Rod Kierkegaard, Jr.,** 92

The Bus, by **Paul Kirchner,** 96

Chain Mail, 6

Coming Next Month, 96

Cover, Exhausted! by **Chris Moore**

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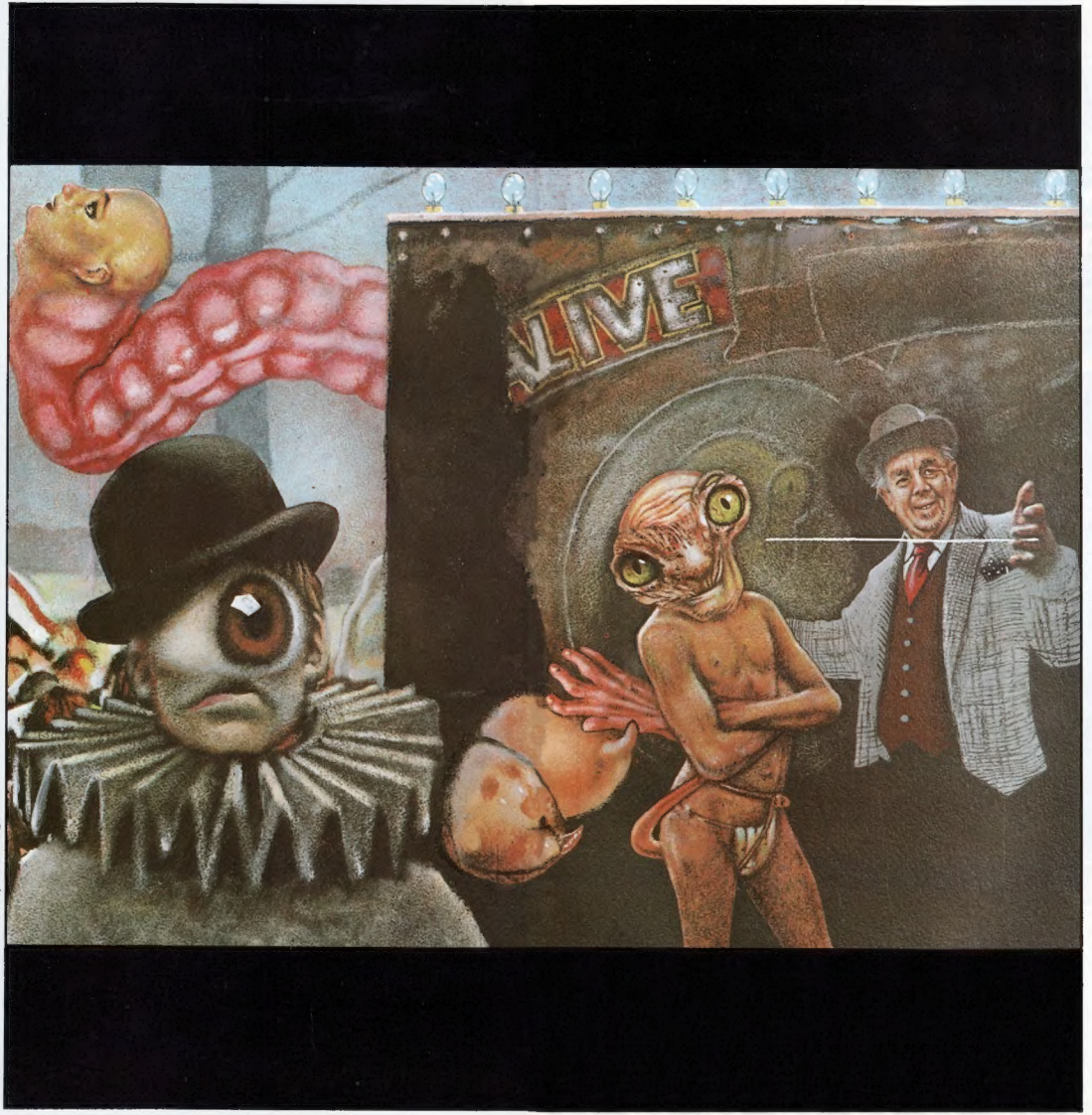

Illustration by Matthew Ouayle

EDITORIAL

One word that gets bandied about beyond tolerance: the noun *hero.* Too much in comics, too much in film, too much in these very pages. John Wayne, *hero.* Bruce Springsteen, *hero.* Superman, *hero.* In this age of instant herodom, what really makes a hero out of heroic stuff? One isn't the absolute result of the other. Don't the media fabricate meager heroic images? With all the loss of honor, the diminished sense of self-respect and manners, people are grasping at anything that smacks of—as Tom Wolfe called it—"the right stuff." They need that figure which rises above it all.

But where to look for it? First, a dip into the pages of *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary:* "A mythological or legendary figure often of divine descent endowed with great strength or ability; a man admired for his achievements and qualities; one that shows great courage; the central figure in an event or period; the principal male character in a literary or dramatic work."

Okay, put it all together. You get *the right stuff.* Someone who seems like an ordinary guy, rising far above average status, with something that carries him beyond normal ken. This is a guy who summons up something from within and sustains it; he acts, and by that alone rises to mythic status. The heroic notation: Dan, not Den; Chuck Berry, not Elvis Presley. Dan was the ordinary fellow raised to be the hero; Chuck Berry, the flawed character nevertheless capable of being more than what was expected. Elvis had a star-stoking machine around him; Berry, on the other hand, did it by virtue of personal will if by nothing else.

Most important, a flawless hero is no hero at all. The president is expected to make life-and-death decisions daily. For him the extraordinary is ordinary. It's that character who acts beyond expectation who deserves accolades.

And this is a magazine full of heroics. Or is it? The hero who matters most is the man who acts extraordinarily and becomes by it an example that is transformed into myth. Don Quixote may have been a fool for chasing windmills, but he was a heroic one for doing so at all.

—*B.B.*

The 1981 World Fantasy Art Exhibition, in conjunction with the 7th World Fantasy Convention, will be held in Berkeley, California, this October. They are now soliciting submissions from artists from around the globe. The exhibition will feature fantastic painting, sculpture, and drawings. To submit your work, send a sheet of 20 35mm color slides of the art you wish to exhibit, with a resume and/or a cover letter to: Will Stone, 560 Sutter Street, Suite 201, San Francisco, California 94102. The deadline is August 1. And may the best artists win!

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Chain Mail

Dear HM:

The next issue of *Heavy Metal* magazine (No. 50) shall be the last issue I will ever buy of this publication, and I have bought them all up to this point.

The continuous decay of high quality and the overuse of Richard Corben's art was bad enough, but to actually stoop to republishing a piece of artwork from another company was the final straw. I refer, of course, to the cover of *Heavy Metal*, April 1981 issue, which was a reversed-plate repro of the cover of *Creepy* magazine No. 105 (I stopped buying Warren magazines when *HM* came onto the scene—I shall switch over to Marvel's *Epic* henceforth).

It's just a shame that a magazine that I so highly praised when it was still young has gone the way of crass commercialism and dull plots and below-standard artwork. I, for one, am a very disappointed *ex-reader*.

David E. Puckett
Horse Cave, Ky.

Dear Dave:
We understand your anger over the reprinting of the April '81 cover. If you're this angry, imagine how we felt! Let it be known that HM *was totally unaware of the initial printing of this fine Maroto piece on* Creepy *mag. We apologize to those who felt ripped off, and hope that this asinine situation will never again be repeated. 'Nuff said.*

Dear Sirs:

The highest compliment a reader can give a magazine is to renew a subscription repeatedly. I believe I qualify under that criterion as I have been receiving *Heavy Metal* since the first issue and am presently somewhere in a third-year subscription.

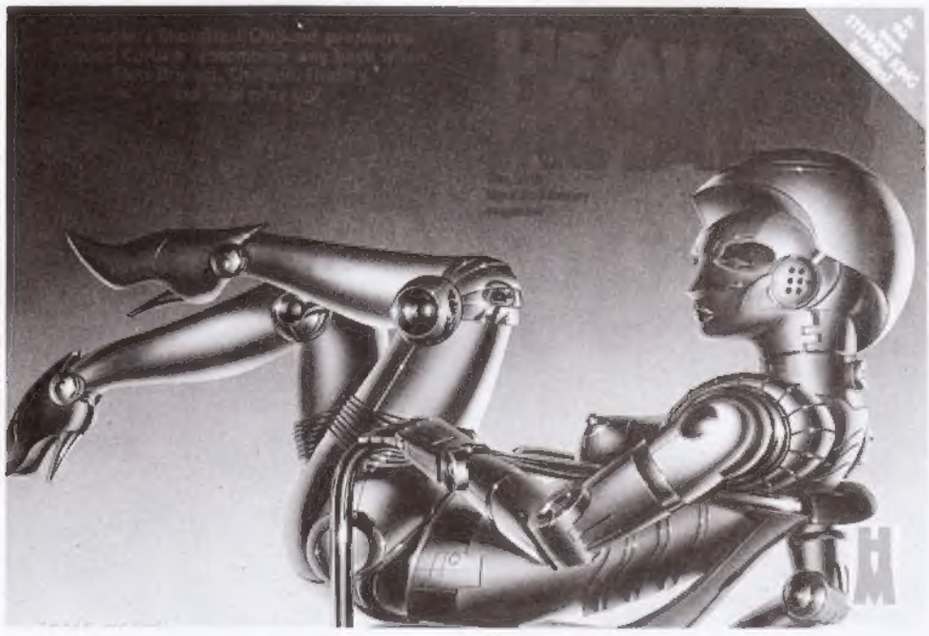
But there comes a time when even the most ardent reader and supporter must file a protest. I refer to the alleged article "Art and the Nazis" by a Brad Balfour. Individuals have a right to their own philosophies, however puerile, but to dignify his muddled conglomeration of words as an article dealing with either fantasy or science fiction is stretching it too much.

Regardless of whether you are for him or not, to equate the inauguration of our president with a Nazi ceremony is excessive masturbation—of the mind if nothing else. Save Balfour's phantasmagoric ravings for magazines tailored to that thinking. Please leave it out of *Heavy Metal* in the future.

Jack Sword
Garden Grove, Calif.

Wait! Don't rip up your issue of HEAVY METAL!

Now, *Heavy Metal* has made available to you a full-color reproduction of this month's cover, by English artist Chris Moore. It's 24" by 17" and is printed on heavy stock paper. All incidental type has been removed from the page, leaving only the logo and "Exhausted!" herself.



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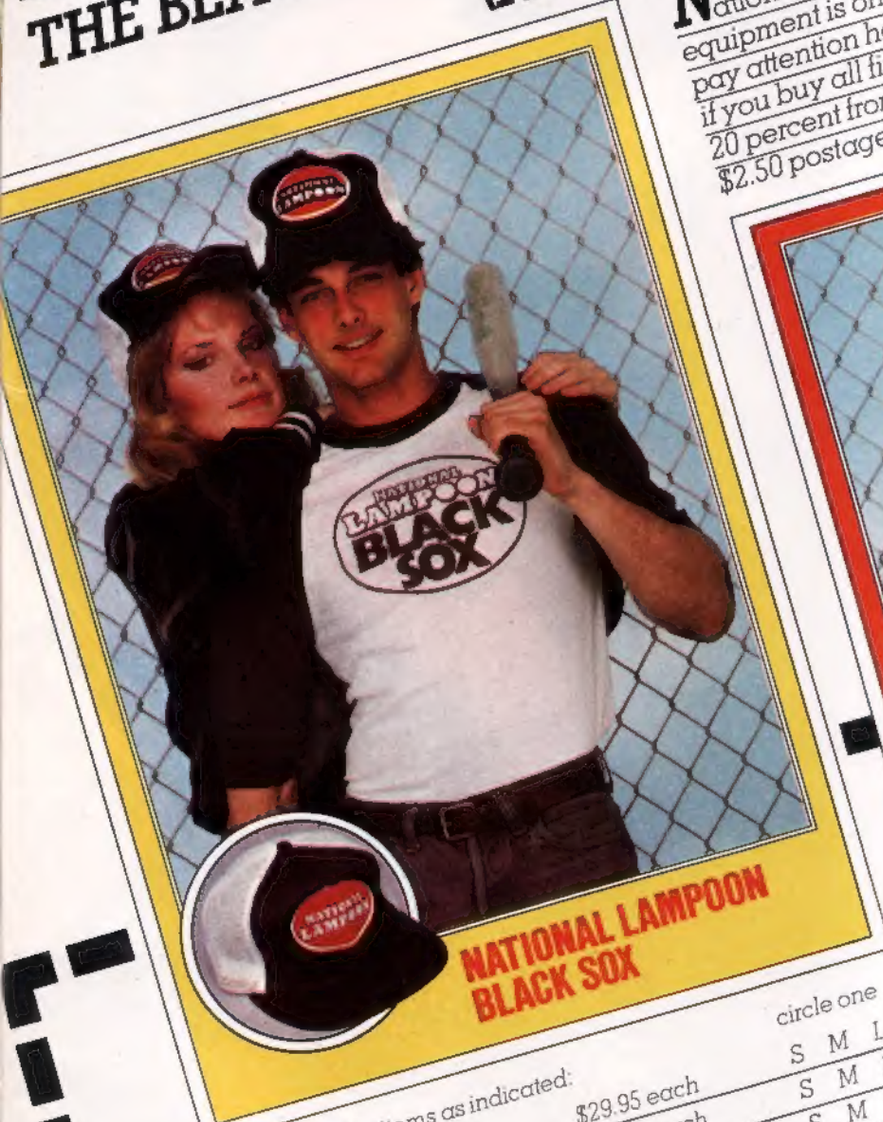

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THE RICHARD CORBEN INTERVIEW

by Brad Balfour

Maybe the flatness of the Kansas landscape dulls the brain into midwestern mundaneness, but Richard Corben has overcome such environmental hazards. Not even a stolid childhood in Sunflower, Kansas (pop. 800), where his father moved from the farm Richard was born on to work at the ordnance factory during World War II, deterred Corben from becoming one of fantasy illustration's creative giants. His history—which is not fraught with a particularly tragic childhood like Errol Flynn's or the emotional fireworks of, say, a Shelley—is that of one who has risen above the terminal ennui to superstardom in the most subdued fashion and done so without having to go much more than fifty miles away from home. He's not had the desire to work in New York or lounge in LA; Corben's self-imposed isolation hasn't really mattered for his success. He had his own internal worlds of grandeur to visit.

—B.B.

BB: It seems a lot of science-fiction people have grown up in an isolated setting. Living in a town of 800 people seems to follow suit. Do you feel you were isolated?
RC: No, I had a lot of friends and thought my life at the time was just normal.
BB: So, what went awry to make Richard Corben such an extraordinary artist?
RC: I don't know. What I became is not because of any weird experiences; it's just the German within me, I think.
BB: What do you remember reading first?
RC: Comic books, I imagine. I was a superhero fan. I collected Superman, Captain Marvel—they were the only superheroes at the time. Outside of comics, I can't remember collecting. I had toys, but I don't remember them as collector's items, just toys. I had a brother and two sisters, and so everything they got was shared with everybody. My brother is in his early forties; my sisters are two years and four years younger than me. We all fought constantly.
BB: So, that's where the source of conflict comes into your work—the violence. But you *were* quite a loner and quiet kid. Did you spend a lot of time by yourself, drawing?
RC: Yes, not so much reading, but mostly drawing. After we moved to Kansas City we had an upstairs apartment that had this cedar linen closet, an oversized closet, that was just adjoining my brother's bedroom. I sort of moved into this closet and put my desk in there. It was really secluded, and nobody bothered me or anything. So that was my hideaway.
BB: When did you first start to feel a difference, something going on with you as an artist?
RC: Well, my parents encouraged me and they thought I was good at it, but I just thought it was parents—until gradually people at school started noticing I was better in drawing than other students.

I guess it was early grade school. They started having me do posters and things for school, but nothing remains of those. I wanted to draw comics even then and also, after I moved to Kansas City, I had somehow discovered animation. I was making good books and 8mm animation. I could show you some of those but I don't have an 8mm projector anymore. I have samples of my early films, made when I was eighteen.
BB: What was the first cinematic experience that you remember?
RC: I don't know, they must have been serials. I was a Tarzan fan, always went to Tarzan movies. Believe I saw Johnny Weissmuller and Tarzan at the time. There were a few serials and there is a Tarzan serial, I believe. I admired Tarzan, but earlier I admired Superman. That fantasy didn't last with me. It seemed less and less real to me.
BB: So, how did the young Corben feel about young women as he hit his adolescence? Any early girl friends as you start on from age twelve?
RC: Well, I was pretty much a loner. I had few friends, but when I was left alone it didn't bother me. As for girls, I noticed them but was always extremely shy, and so I would have fantasies about them, but that was about it. I didn't go out with many girls . . . I guess it was my extreme shyness.
BB: Do you feel it's ever impeded you in any way?
RC: Yeah, constantly. But for that I believe I could have conquered the world at a much earlier age.
BB: You grew up at the time the young Elvis Presley made it. Did you identify with Elvis?
RC: Yes, I *did* identify with Elvis for a while. I combed my hair like him, wore shirts with the collar up and with suede shoes. I guess it wasn't Elvis in particular, but some of his contemporaries.
BB: What kind of car did you drive?
RC: I didn't drive any car. That was one of the things that kept me apart from my friends in high school. Everyone was mobile except me. I wasn't allowed to have a car. I didn't have a car until I bought one after I was already in my twenties.
BB: When do you feel you first started to come into your own as an artist?
RC: When I went to the Kansas City Art Institute—before, I thought I was better than average at drawing. But when I went to art school, I realized I was better than the average ***art student*** in drawing. In fact, if I have a superiority complex about any particular thing, it's about my artwork. I mean, they went off on weird tangents, but I feel I still had the techniques over them. That gave me confidence to pursue things—like getting an art job—whereas I know my father had in the back of his head this was a waste of time. Interestingly, I'd have become a carpenter like him, but I did get an art job at Calvin. That was a relief to him too.
BB: "The kid's not a bum, for God's sake!" Let's see, you went straight from high school into the art school.
RC: Well, a short stint with the army, the reserves; that was about '58 or '59.
BB: How do you feel, looking back on having been in the army? Is it strange to you?
RC: It was a test of endurance.
BB: Do you think there's an antiwar tendency in your work?
RC: No, I feel war is inevitable when negotiations break down, and if one side can't get what it wants any other way—well, then it's war.
BB: Do you remember any stories—anything that affected you profoundly there?
RC: No. After active duty, I came back to Kansas City and started to look for a job; that's when I panicked! My dad was kind of worried. I didn't have any immediate acceptance for work; I had to go along with him. I had gone to Calvin and was interviewed there. They were interested but lost my name and address. Later on, I checked up on them and they

The many ages of Richard Corben (from top left): baby Richard, age 2; Richard Corben in grade school; a cub scout in Sunflower, Kansas; at 17, graduating from high school; age 19, affecting his Elvis look; age 30, a functioning adult working at Calvin Productions.

hired me. So I worked at Calvin for about eight or nine years doing industrial animation, titles, and backgrounds. By industrial work, I mean lines on maps that grow and bar graphs that grow and cutaways of caterpillar tractors and how they work. I feel that if I had stayed there four or five years, it would have been a good experience. I stayed around just because I didn't know anything else to do. I didn't pursue my goals very aggressively. Even when I was working there, I wanted to get into something more creative. Then I finally started sending my work to Warren Publications in New York—publishers of *Creepy* and *Eerie*. Thus, I began to get jobs from them. I discovered the undergrounds around 1970, I think. I was working on my films too. My other great goal was to become an animator. I'm interested in animation but I don't want to be employed as an animator. I want to direct animation. Everyone wants to be a director, but nobody wants to do the work. I continued the film work after I quit Calvin. It was more difficult, because I didn't have much equipment or facilities to help me. But I still forged ahead with my films, a change of quality at this point. I think I have overcome that guilt.

BB: What do you think of Jim Warren? He's got a hell of a reputation.

RC: Jim Warren was fair with me, I know. He gave me a place to display my work when I really needed it. He gave me the color section, which I desperately wanted to expand. Sometimes his attitude pisses me off, but I feel that's common in presidents of companies.

BB: Sense of humor has seemed to be important to your work, but maybe it isn't apparent to some people.

RC: I can be taken seriously in some ways and in some ways it's ironic or has amusing aspects to it. When I do a takeoff on some current event without even knowing it, for example, like in writing a script, I will add a phrase or a line by Steve Martin or Belushi and not realize it until after I have written it—and then there it is! It's sort of tongue-in-cheek.

BB: What do you think you're satirizing or characterizing? Comics in general?

RC: Not just comics, but many popular media.

BB: What stories have you done that you feel are sort of a takeoff on the whole very serious gothic-horror business? This is the menace, and then you look back on it now and see it and say, "That's a horror film? Who would be scared by that?"

RC: Well, the first one I did was for Warren. The first color one was "Lycanklutz," which is a takeoff on the Wolf Man. It was inspired by the horror movies. That one was sort of half-inspired by the forties Wolf Man series and half by the Hammer Films Wolf Man. I mean, to make it more related to the earlier ones it should have been done in black and white. But it was Warren's hot-to-be-color desire at the moment. I can do color better than anybody at his office.

BB: You have used other horror figures as well.

RC: To me, the horror figures weren't really horrific. They're amusing and interesting to me. I was never really terrified by the Wolf Man. Actually I was terrified of the Wolf Man when I was very young, but I'm not terrified anymore.

BB: Did you ever want to be one of them?

RC: No, but I identify with the Beast Man, dogs. One of my stories was a dog man ["Rowlf," *HM*, Nov. '79, Dec. '79, Jan. '80] and looking back to my very first drawn story when I was home. It was based on a pet dog we had and his name was Trail. I still have some Trail comics.

BB: Are you a cat person or a dog person?

RC: I'm a dog person, but there are other people in the house who are cat people. I relate to dogs much more than to cats. In fact, that's why I've written many of my stories to dogs and wolves—the "Beast of Wolfton" [*HM*, Feb.–Apr. '80] as well as "Rowlf."

BB: Tell me about the Mummy variation you did for Warren in the seventies.

RC: I was going to mention Bil Stout, who's a cartoonist in Los Angeles. I met him last summer. He's got a large collection of weird items, including two Mexican mummy heads and a thinning Egyptian mummy's hand. He showed it to me and he opened it up. It had kind of a sweet, musky smell. It was treated with some kind of chemical. It was sort of inspiring.

BB: Like, in reaction with that you were saying, "Can't imagine anybody being caught by the Mummy because of the smell," and you were saying in your story...

RC: Well, he's not very fast, either. He sort of shuffles along, and it's not very likely anybody would be caught unless they just fell down and fainted!

BB: That one was classic Corben; it's certainly wry and ironic, which is perfect. You take a classic horror thing and instead of doing a whole souped-up, straight horror story, you play on it. And, of course, playing on the Mummy is playing a joke on a joke!

RC: Well, even the title is sort of a takeoff. It was called "Terror Tune," which is like saying there are cartoons called "Terry Tunes."

BB: So, Warren bought your first stuff. Ron Turner of Last Gasp Comix in San Francisco took interest in your work shortly thereafter. This was 1970—you've made these films and so on.

RC: I was also producing *Fantagor* at just about that time too. *Fantagor* was my own magazine, with strips by me and a

An exceptional example of storytelling by Corben. The skillful use of action, movement, and mood gives this page a cinematic quality. (From Slow Death Comix.*)*

friend, Herb Arnold. It was just a fan project, and we wanted to see if we could publish something and make it break even. It didn't break even. In fact, if I had been more careful in some ways—like finding the right printer—I might have worked out better financially, but as it was I didn't even pay the printer's bill from the cover price!

BB: And now the irony is that it's worth twenty dollars a copy at conventions! Doesn't that piss you off?

RC: Stuff like that used to. That's just natural but I accept it now. It's the way collectors are. I wanted to become a collector, but I could see, after collecting for a while, you become obsessed by the collection. Other goals take a backseat to your obsession; also, they take up space. Once you collect the things you have to take good care of them, and I decided collecting wasn't that important to me. I tried to collect stuff I had, and that's about it. And things I enjoy I collect, but I try not to be a fanatic about it.

BB: How were you exposed to fandom?

RC: I had a pen pal in Texas who was in fandom and he turned me on to fan editors —a fellow named Rudy Franke, in particular, who lived in San Jose, and I started sending him drawings. He published some and then he started showing them to his underground-cartoonist friends. They wrote me and said this is where I should be. I agreed and so I quickly did up a story. It was freedom, seeing my stuff printed at last and then being with kindred spirits of other cartoonists.

BB: Why did you start off with the name "Gore" in the early seventies?

RC: The cartoonists who were working on *Skull* were inspired by the old E.C. horrors. They said come in our studio and work for us and you can make up your own horror host character. One of my favorite cartoonists from the old E.C. horrors was Graham Ingels, and he never signed his real name; he always used to sign "Ghastly." So I did a sort of takeoff on him and I decided to use "Gore." There was another part of me that was a little weary of these weird cartoonists and I was halfway disassociating myself professionally from them.

BB: Your own stuff was being published there and there wasn't censorship.

RC: Probably. I had enjoyed myself a great deal doing those and I thought it was good training, I was getting good experience, and I was getting a little money for it—around twenty-five dollars a page—but the financial value of the work is that I owned it and I couldn't foresee how valuable that would be in the future. When I became more popular, the demand for this work became greater.

BB: During the sixties, did you sympathize with some of the ethics or the issues of the counterculture?

RC: Yes.

BB: But you never really identified with them by growing your hair long—why?

RC: What difference does the hair make? My hair still isn't very long, in fact. I may cut it short anyway. There were times in the sixties when I felt like we should burn down the establishment.

BB: Where did you want to start?

RC: With Calvin.

BB: What happened with the undergrounds? Did you have various people make their pilgrimage to Richard Corben's house?

RC: Some of the underground cartoonists are like nomads, and as they traveled across the country, knowing I was in Kansas City, they would stop by and see me for a while.

BB: Did any of them piss you off? Whose name would you mention?

RC: There was another underground cartoonist who attacked me in print a few years ago. I feel he's got something coming!

BB: Who's that?

RC: Bill Griffith.

BB: Why did Bill Griffith attack you? Do you know him?

RC: The most apparent reason is that he is jealous of my talent and popularity. He attacked me specifically, and other underground cartoonists who did horror or science-fiction stories in general. I would like to meet him face-to-face sometime!

BB: When did the Corben/Bodé collaboration get done?

RC: I had seen Bodé's work before, so I sort of halfway introduced myself at a convention. When I said who I was he knew me right away. We discussed the possibility of a collaboration then. It took a while to do the collaboration because he was tied up with some other things.

BB: We were talking about the undergrounds. When did you cease working with them and why?

RC: I had quit my job at Calvin with the intention of supporting myself and my family through work from the undergrounds. After six months, I found this was going to be impossible. Also, the undergrounds were undergoing problems —like, there were too many of them and people stopped buying them. There was an underground crash. That caused me to work exclusively for Warren. I was working with Warren for several years when I had contact with Jean-Pierre Dionnet, who started running some of my underground stuff in his magazine *Metal Hurlant*.

BB: It was something that had not existed before—like putting comics in a new perspective.

RC: It wasn't that new an idea. I had discussed with Vaughn Bodé on several occasions what we needed as creative cartoonists—a magazine with slick paper, reproduction quality, and fair pay rates.

CREATORS' COMMENTS ON CORBEN

HARLAN ELLISON: Hugo Award–winning writer and raconteur.

That I got onto Richard's classy act early in the seventies, in underground comix like *Slow Death*, wins me no special marks for perception. It was obvious to anyone but observers with the sensitivity of a doorknob that Corben was a *rara avis*, that right from the git-go he was first-rank, with a technique and an artistic sensibility wholly original, a technique and sensibility that created their own genre; and if there were to be imitators—as there have been—they were doomed forever to live in the shadow of the originator. And that's been the case, of course.

It was as if Rich had been born to illustrate my stories about the world of the roverpaks and downunders. And, of course, he's done all the subsequent artwork connected with the stories that will soon be published as a book, *Blood's a Rover*. The cover and interiors he did for Ace Books are a dream come true for a writer. Having often been saddled with make-do art or approximations, no matter how clever or artful, I consider myself mortally blessed to be associated with Corben in even this small way.

He respects the words, he respects the original conception, and he is a doll to work with.

The Bat Out of Hell *album cover for Meatloaf, Richard's first album cover: "Just out of the blue one day... around March 1977 a fellow, Jim Steinman, called me from New York, having discovered me through* Heavy Metal. *We talked about me doing a cover for Meatloaf, and at the time I didn't know who Meatloaf was and I don't think anyone else did either. They were in kind of a hurry for it, so we discussed what it would be in one conversation, and there wasn't time to make a sketch either, so I had to proceed with the finished work and completed it in less than a week. I sent it and they accepted it."*

But that didn't exist at the time and all the people I had spoken to did not have the money for it. Then when I finally did get a copy of *Metal Hurlant*, I said, "This is what I always wanted! Now we got to wait until somebody in the States wants to do it."

BB: Where did Dionnet first see your work?

RC: That goes back to the undergrounds. The undergrounds were distributed freely and a few people from Europe picked up copies, took them over, and published bootleg copies. That's how he saw them. I had known about these bootlegs but knew there was nothing I could do about it. I just wrote a couple of letters saying, "Quit printing my stuff without permission." But it did introduce my stuff to the people in Europe, including Dionnet.

BB: What do you think is going to happen to Richard Corben professionally and then personally?

RC: I intend to do several more scripts. I hope to work with my other interests and work on them so that they can become self-supporting.

BB: What would you recommend to a young artist just starting out?

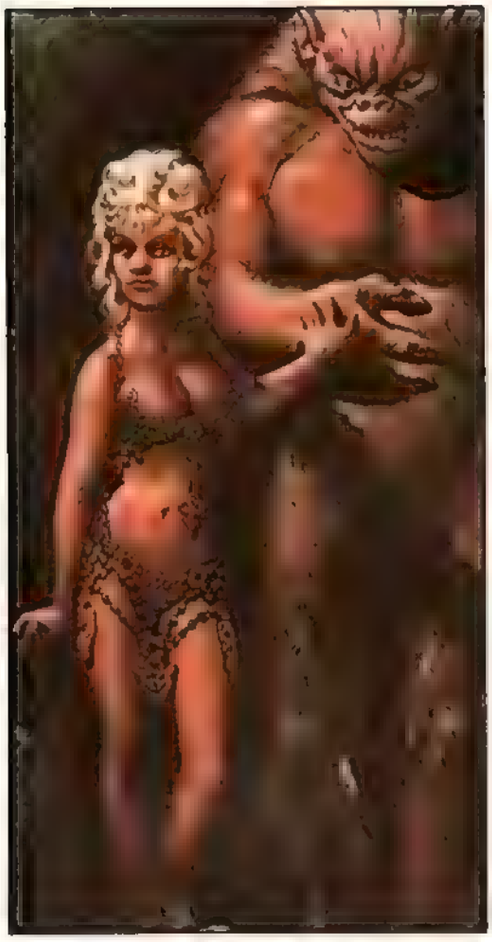
RC: From a business point of view, there are no friends in business—the people who may seem to be friends may act like they're looking out for your interests. I think the most important thing for an artist to do is to draw constantly and not be afraid of projects that require a lot of work.

BB: So *Bloodstar* gets done. Where did "Den" come into the picture? Two chapters of "Den" were created for an underground. Was that expected to be continued?

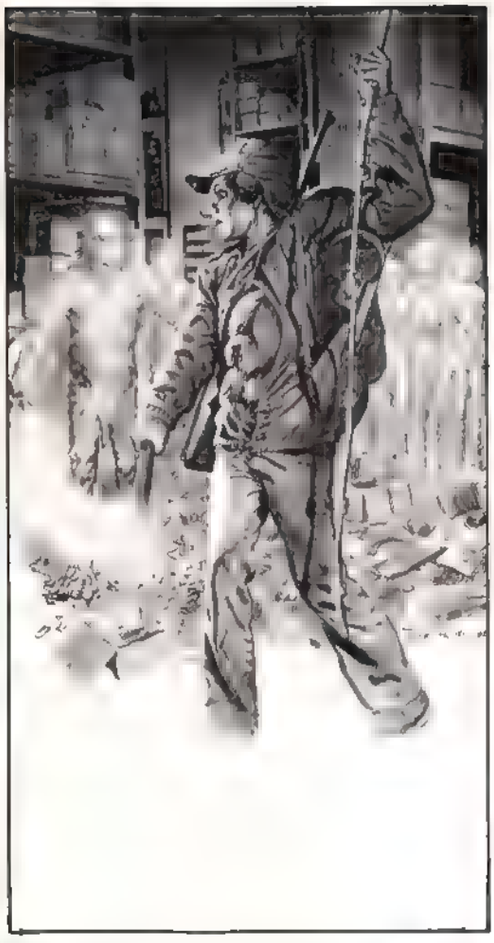
RC: At the time I had intended to continue it in the distant future. But when the fellow said he wanted some more, I didn't think it would be so soon, and so it's kind of poorly constructed because it's so segmented. There are segments written years apart. The first two chapters were written at one period, the third chapter with an outline for a full-length story that was written later on. There were some problems, and I wrote an ending for it in one more chapter, and then these problems worked themselves out so I rewrote it again for the full length.

BB: One thing that does seem to appear in your work a lot is that in the most unstable world you have characters seeking a certain stability—as you do in working hard. Do you think that's true? Look at Den.

RC: Den is always in a fantastic world; he's still searching for his other identity. He had amnesia. Though many of my



Corben's first Warren cover: "Warren asked me to change the figure in one cover because I made her a brunette and he wanted a blond. I was kind of disappointed but I accepted it."



One of fifteen illustrations by Corben for Harlan Ellison's novel adaptation of his Hugo Award–winning novella "A Boy and His Dog," entitled Blood's a Rover, *to be published by Ace Books: "Harlan and I were going to do a comic-book version of 'A Boy and His Dog.' That's one of the great projects that never did quite make it. He's got my breakdown pages still buried on his desk somewhere. So the world has got to wait."*

heroic characters don't have amnesia, they're still searching for themselves.

BB: Robert Howard and Frazetta, you know, aspired to be the characters that they created, in a certain way. Do you feel that there's a part of that in what you are doing?

RC: Possibly. But I grew up a different character, whereas Frazetta, he grew up as a character. He was always this kind of character, whereas I forced myself into this mold.

BB: In a way, sort of like Den. In a way, there's a certain symbolic thing—you were the one character before and now you want to transform yourself into him. But have you been asked that question before?

RC: No. Jan [Strnad] pointed that out. Something he wrote just recently says "Den" has got a lot of me in it. I guess there's something in what he's saying.

BB: Well, I want you to elaborate. What do you think about your relationship to Den, and what was the name of that kid?

RC: David Ellis Norman...it's just contrivance.

BB: David Ellis Norman is normal, and then you've got Den—it's a contraction of it...

RC: Den. I don't know where I came up with the word "Den" but I made a movie that has Den in it and he also had an alter ego. He'd go in his name "Dan"—so "Dan" changed to "Den." He was also kind of a tall, thin person. He was played in the movie by my former boss, the art director at Calvin, Ed Thoust.

BB: You had to do something about it to identify with those characters that you drew.

RC: There is some kind of inner drive that made me want to do something to change things or change myself. I've always had a drive to do different things. I just focused it on a different direction from time to time. Most of the time I directed it toward my artwork and refining my skills.

BB: Tell me about this Harlan Ellison project and what's happening there.

RC: He's got a story called "A Boy and His Dog," which is written as a sequel to "Egg-Sucker," and he's working on another story called "Blood's a Rover"—so they are going to be published all together. I did the cover and about fifteen interior illustrations.

BB: When did your relationship with Eisen begin?

RC: Indirectly—I didn't know he lived in Kansas City. He was a partner with Gil Kane, who lives in Connecticut. They had some high ideals about doing graphic novels, whereas he was going to do some of them but needed other artists. He got

JIM STEINMAN: Singer-songwriter and performer (*Bad for Good*).

Certain words immediately come to mind in regard to Corben's art—heroic, majestic, multidimensional, tactile, cinematic, erotic, obsessive—but for me, most of all, his images seem not so much created as "unleashed." They possess the muscular density and abandon of rock 'n' roll as well as the formal stylization and luxuriant turbulence of opera. In Corben's worlds, the "acoustic" has been banished—everything is gloriously amplified. Every frame seems to be born either directly before, during, or after an ecstatic moment of action—and the specific nature of the action is ultimately far less important than the explosive release it provides. The sexual richness of Richard Corben's work is overwhelming—this is a world that is endlessly horny for wonder and magic.

The intertwining of light and dark forces here, of love and decay, of unknown altars and inescapable tombs, of unchained gods and insatiable demons, of unending dreams and unyielding nightmares—all this is dazzling. With Corben, not only is anything possible—it is inevitable. And, to use some of my own lyrics:

"Everything is permitted,
Nothing ever is taboo,
And there is always something shattered
When there is something breaking through."

Early underground artwork by Corben; notice the "Gore" signature.

in touch with me first, and I had to think about working on that project. It was after I had agreed to do the job with Gil Kane and I found out that his partner was Armand. Then they moved to Kansas City. The idea of Bloodstar with the star on his head was Gil Kane's. I believe at the time I was at the beginning stages of *Bloodstar*. Armand was still finishing graduate work in southern California.

BB: How long did *Bloodstar* take?

RC: That took about nine months, and it was done in black and white. I shipped the stuff to Gil Kane, as he was judging everything to make sure it was okay. *Bloodstar* is my favorite story so far. I felt it was the most organized of my long stories. I guess I liked it because it was long and I put so much of myself into it. The characters are more realized.

I'll give you a rough breakdown on how it worked. It's based loosely on a story by Robert E. Howard called "Valley of the Worm." Gil Kane was acting as producer, and he also got the writer John Jakes to add quite a bit of additional material. I had the short story and the additional material to integrate together, and in doing so I did a final written version and all the breakdowns and designed the characters and practically wrote it from those two other pieces. My writing was rewritten by the publisher and then rewritten again by one of the publishers—another writer. My version is the most simple, direct, and clear version of the story. The publisher had his own ideas about adding glory and passion to a story that was underwritten a little bit. They hired my services to do the color work. It's done in my technique but I didn't actually do the color.

BB: What about having a best-seller? Backtrack a moment. How did it end with Ariel?

RC: At the time when it had only been published, the people at Ariel were looking for properties to exploit—so they bought a license. I agreed to do the full-length book, even though only two chapters had been done. A certain number of pages, ninety-six pages, for a certain page rate based on what I have gotten. Later on, I was forced to proceed to the terms of the license no matter what the circumstances were and no matter how much it hurt.

BB: When did *Heavy Metal* come into the picture?

RC: It was three years ago, I guess. Indirectly—*Heavy Metal* was getting material from *Metal Hurlant*. "Den" was in *Metal Hurlant* and they wanted to run "Den." They found out from the French people that I lived in Kansas City. When Len Mogel called me, I felt this would be a good way to publicize my work. I thought that was a good idea but I couldn't make a deal; I had to make a deal with these other people and so that's how it was made—very roundabout. Before I appeared in *Heavy Metal*, my work appeared mainly in underground comics and in Warren magazines. The people who read underground comics are very small in number compared to people who read comics and magazines in general. So I might have had a very small cult following in the underground. The people who read the Warren magazines are a very young readership, and they're also a smaller group. When *Heavy Metal* started publishing my work I had more reaction in a much shorter time than I had ever had before, from people who suddenly discovered me.

BB: Was *Arabian Nights* proposed to you?

RC: The subject was my idea and it didn't turn out exactly the way I conceived it. But it came out all right. My original concept of *Arabian Nights* was based more on the images that Maxfield Parrish had done when he had illustrated *The Arabian Nights*.

BB: How would that have been different?

RC: I had planned to make the Arabian world seem much larger than it was—even though it expands over fantastic worlds, it seems to me that it's still contained in a small area.

BB: About the *Heavy Metal* movie: What value do you think the movie will have to your career?

RC: That's open to conjecture. Everyone is wondering if it's going to be a good movie, or if it's going to draw a lot of attention or not. Hopefully it will draw attention, and if it does, it will make Den more popular and make me more popular. It's good for my work and my future projects.

BB: Why is it that you didn't participate more directly in the movie?

RC: Because I feel in producing a movie, I would become a very small part of a company, whereas here I'm a creator in control. I don't particularly want that to happen. It's not that I have anything against them, it's just that I used to be an animator and I used to work for a large company. Unless you're the person in charge, you really don't have much control over what you do.

BB: What's your result from this film? Beyond having gotten paid for it...didn't they buy the rights?

RC: That's kind of a sticky situation there. Armand still has a license to *Neverwhere* up until September 1981, but that's about the time when the film will be coming out. So he got a lion's share of the up-front money, where I'll be getting all the remaining royalties from it.

BB: So that's certainly a great bone of contention with you.

RC: That's something I have to live with.

CONTINUED

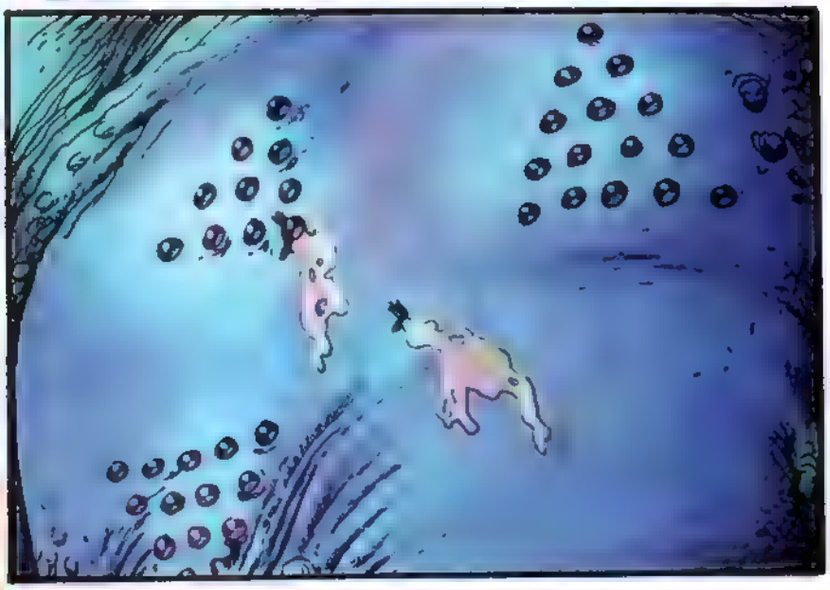
ROBERT E. HOWARD'S
BLOODSTAR

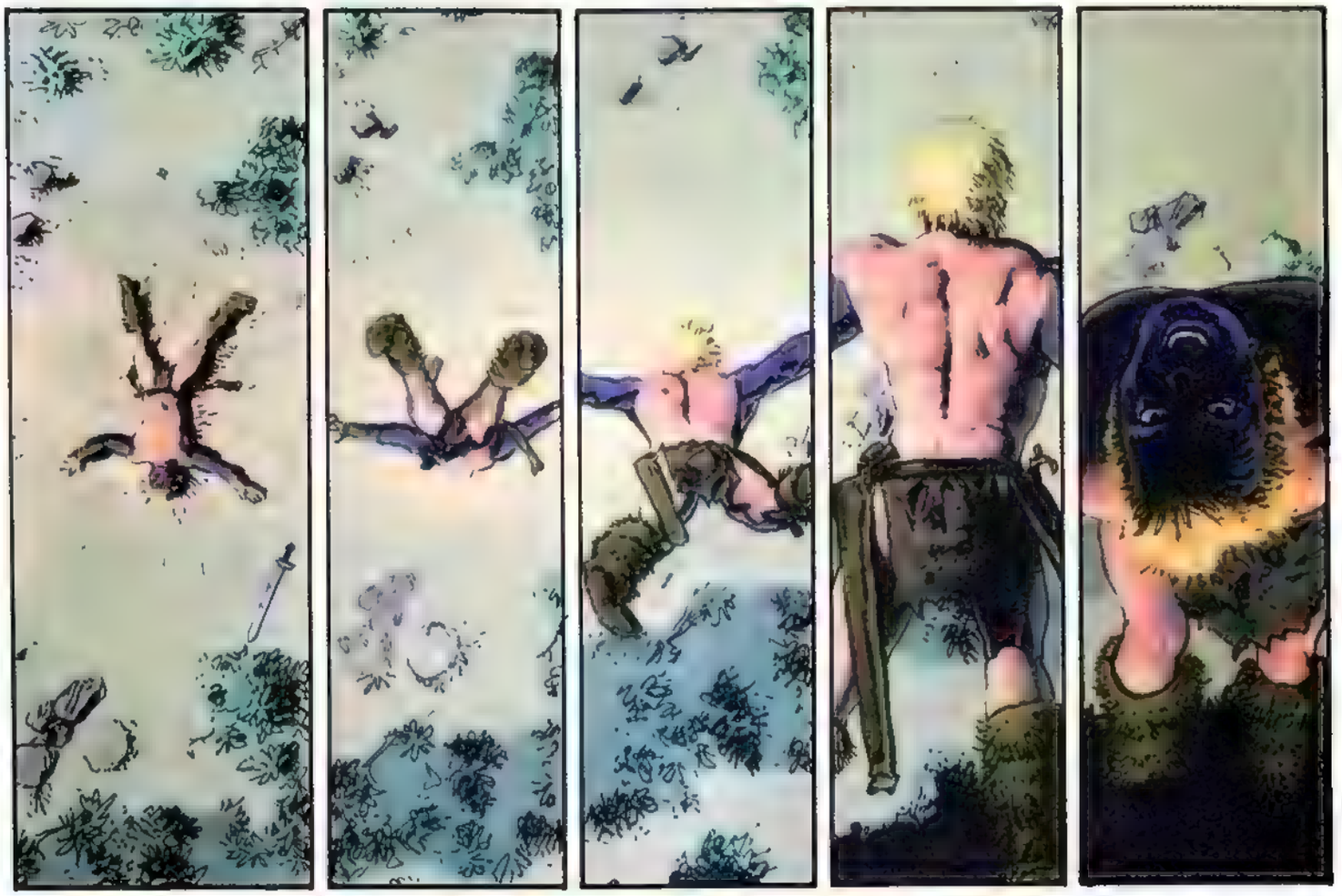
BY RICHARD CORBEN,
JOHN JAKES
AND JOHN POCSIK

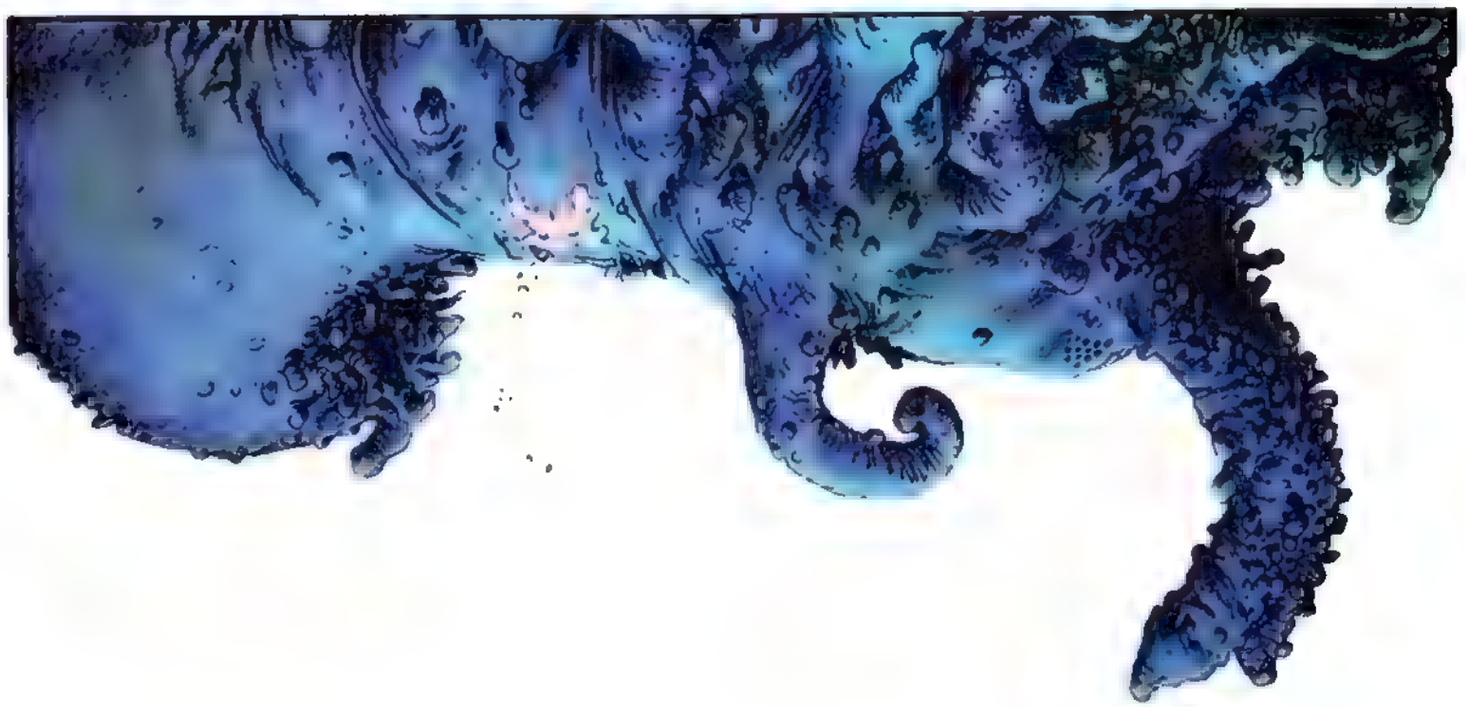
While on the road, desperately attempting to avenge the death of his wife, Helva, Bloodstar met up with Loknar, Helva's former suitor and his mortal enemy. After a brutal hand-to-hand combat between the two, Bloodstar slew the ex-Aesir war chief, and encountered in the process the horrible demon who haunts the valley

EVEN AS A TENTACLE LIFTED TOWARD HIM,
I SAW BLOODSTAR SEND A SHAFT DEEP INTO
THE HORROR. ARROW AFTER ARROW DISAPPEARED
INTO IT, EACH TIPPED WITH ENOUGH VENOM
TO FELL A BULL ELEPHANT.

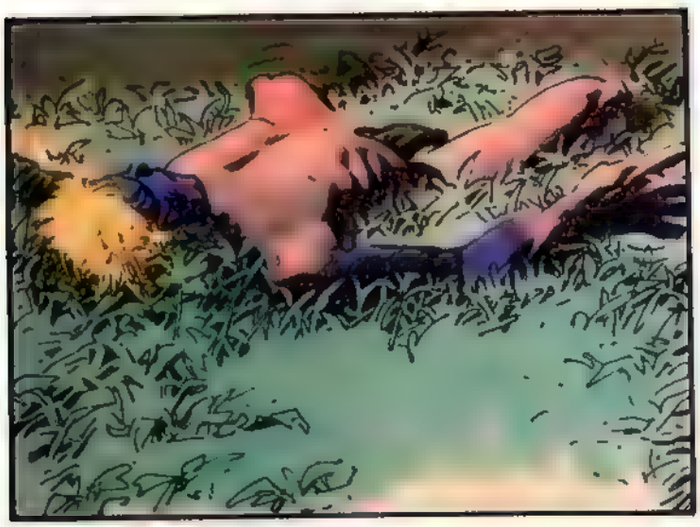
BLOODSTAR'S CONFIDENCE FADED AS HE SHOT HIS LAST ARROW INTO THE QUAKING MASS. DID HE HEAR YMIR CALLING HIM?
SATHA'S POISON WAS POWERLESS AGAINST THIS UNDYING BEING!
I TRIED TO SHOUT A WARNING FOR HIM TO FLEE...
FLEE!
K-KRAK!
BLDUP!
DIE, HELL SPAWN!
SHLUK!



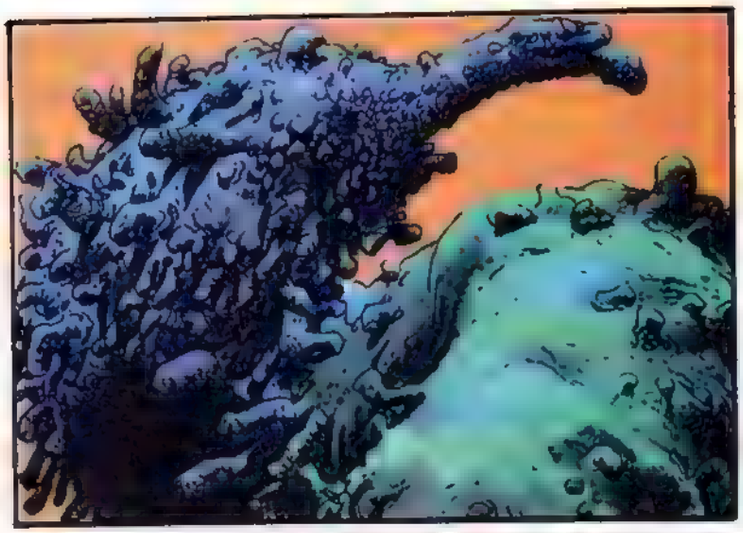




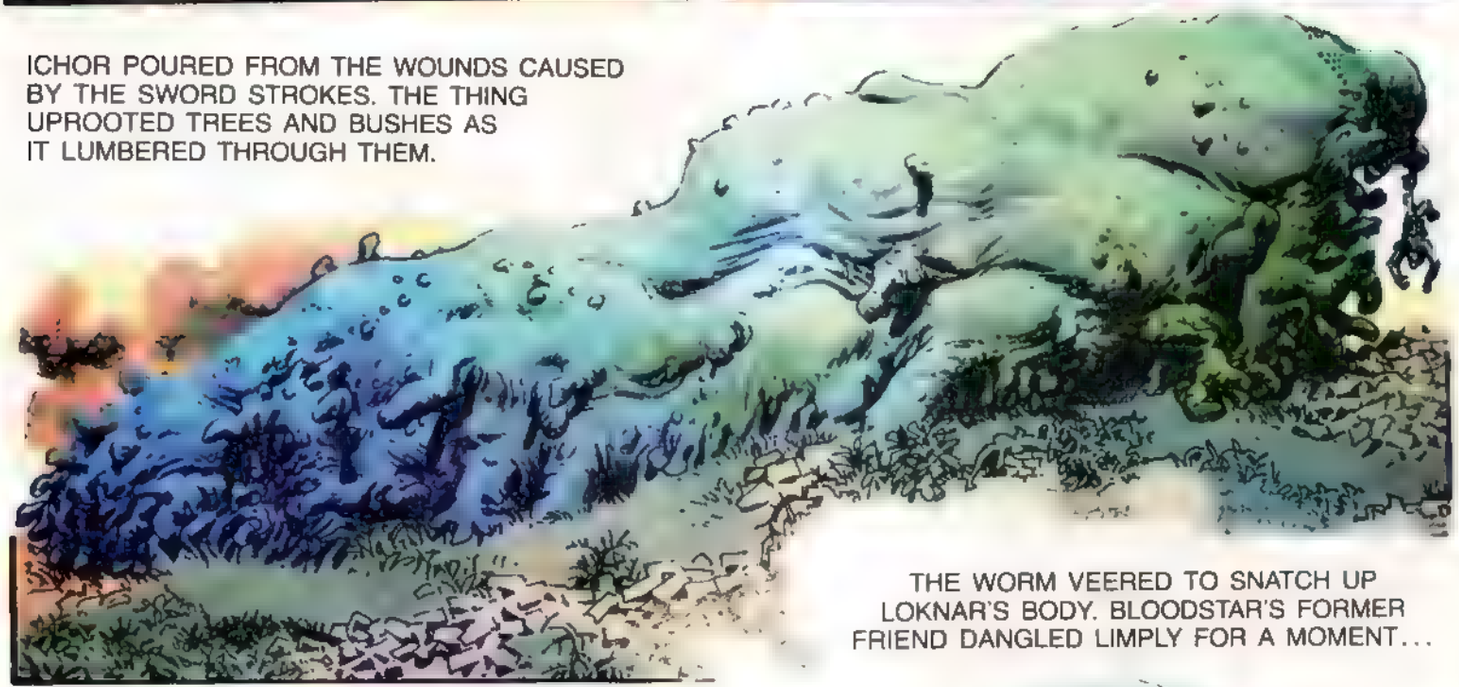
MY EYES BURNED WITH UNSHED TEARS AS I WATCHED HIM TRY TO REACH HIS SWORD—AND FAIL.



THE MONSTER'S TENTACLES WHIPPED WILDLY THROUGH THE AIR.

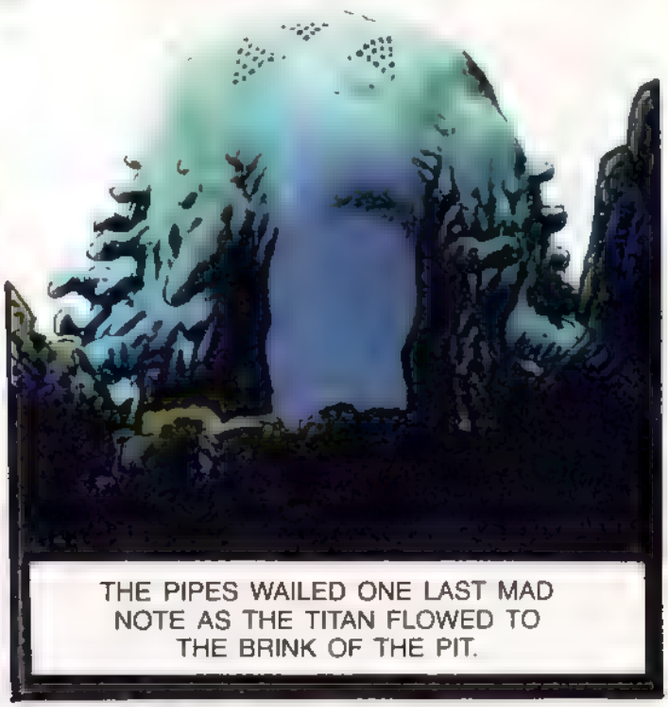


ICHOR POURED FROM THE WOUNDS CAUSED BY THE SWORD STROKES. THE THING UPROOTED TREES AND BUSHES AS IT LUMBERED THROUGH THEM.

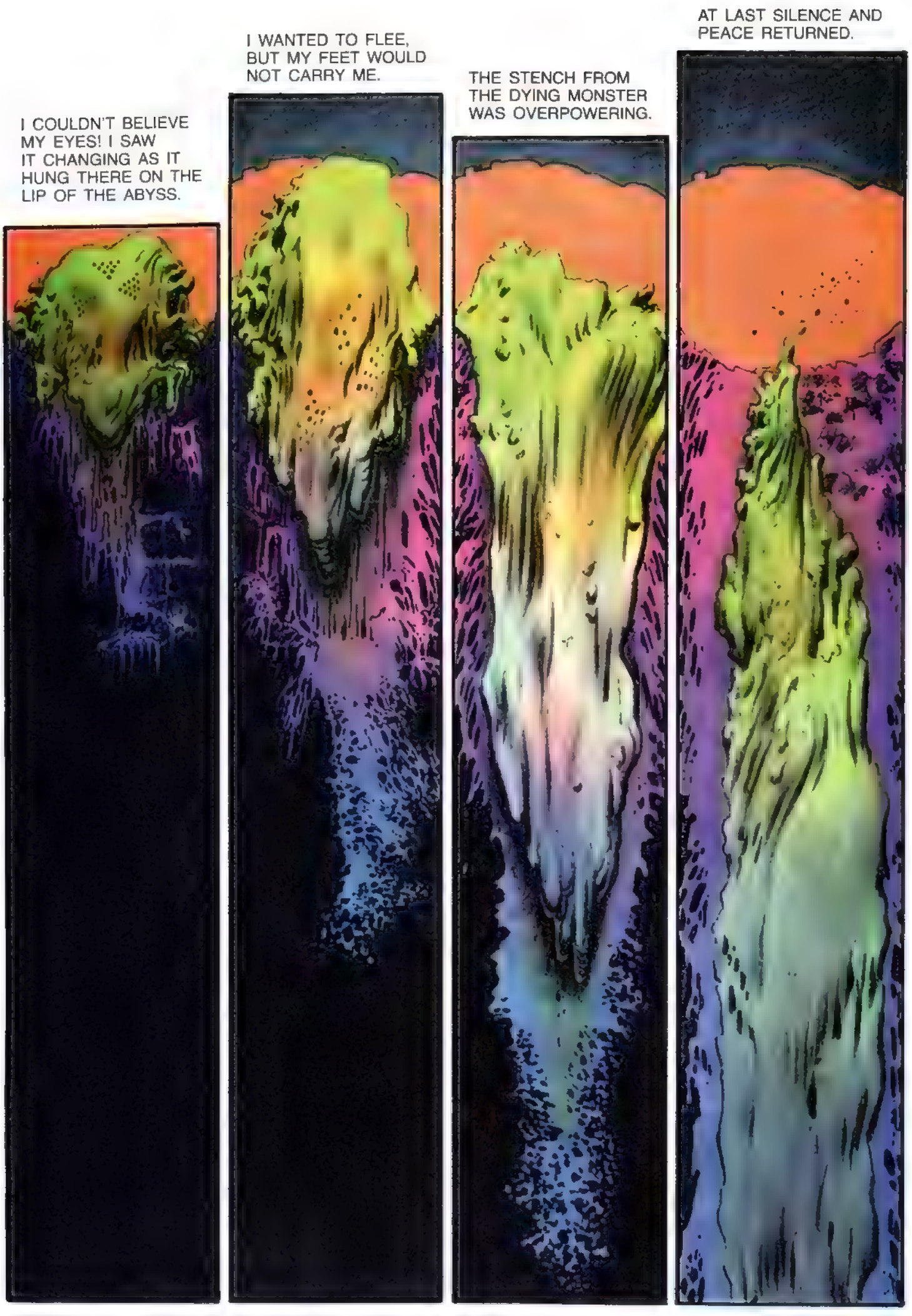


THE WORM VEERED TO SNATCH UP LOKNAR'S BODY. BLOODSTAR'S FORMER FRIEND DANGLED LIMPLY FOR A MOMENT...

ONLY TO BE SUDDENLY DASHED AGAINST A WALL WITH SUCH FORCE THAT HE BECAME A SHAPELESS PULP.



THE PIPES WAILED ONE LAST MAD NOTE AS THE TITAN FLOWED TO THE BRINK OF THE PIT.


I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EYES! I SAW IT CHANGING AS IT HUNG THERE ON THE LIP OF THE ABYSS.
I WANTED TO FLEE, BUT MY FEET WOULD NOT CARRY ME.
THE STENCH FROM THE DYING MONSTER WAS OVERPOWERING.
AT LAST SILENCE AND PEACE RETURNED.

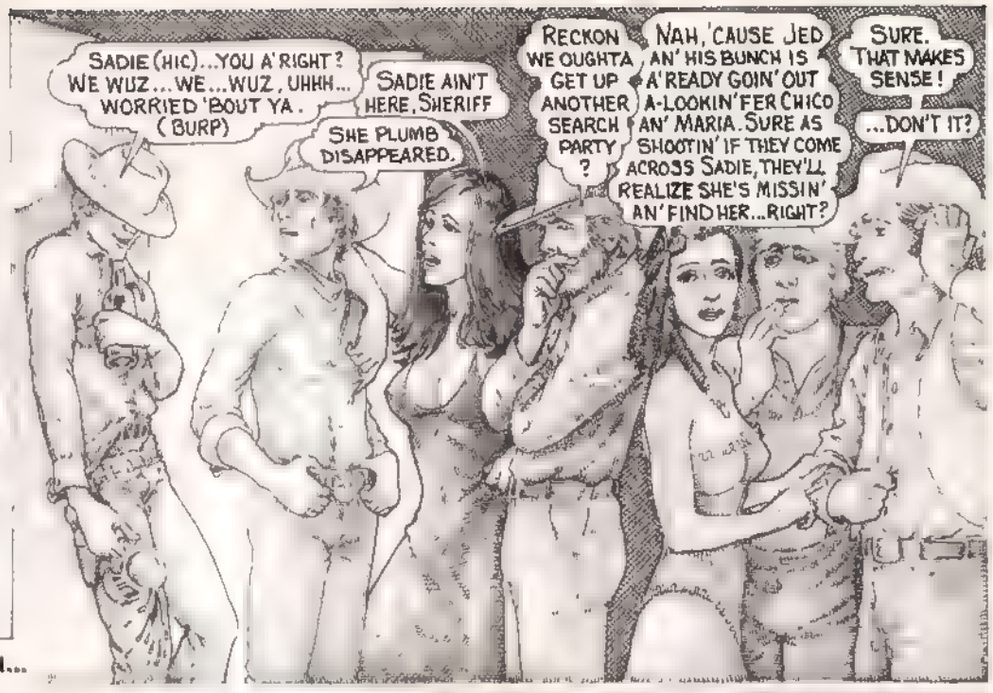
THE GROUND SHOOK BENEATH ME. I COVERED MY EARS AGAINST THAT GHASTLY WAIL. DUST BOILED UP AND BLOTTED OUT THE SUN.
..HELVA ...LITTLE ONE
BLOODSTAR! BLOODSTAR!

GROM . . . MY FRIEND. I'M DYING. HAND ME MY SWORD.
LET MY TALE BE TOLD FROM CAMP TO CAMP AND FROM TRIBE TO TRIBE, OF THE LOVE SHARED BY BLOODSTAR AND HELVA, AND OF THE TREACHERY AND SORROW WE SUFFERED.
BLOODSTAR! YOUR SON— HE LIVES!
BYRDAG FOUND HIM BY THE FALLS.
MY SON!

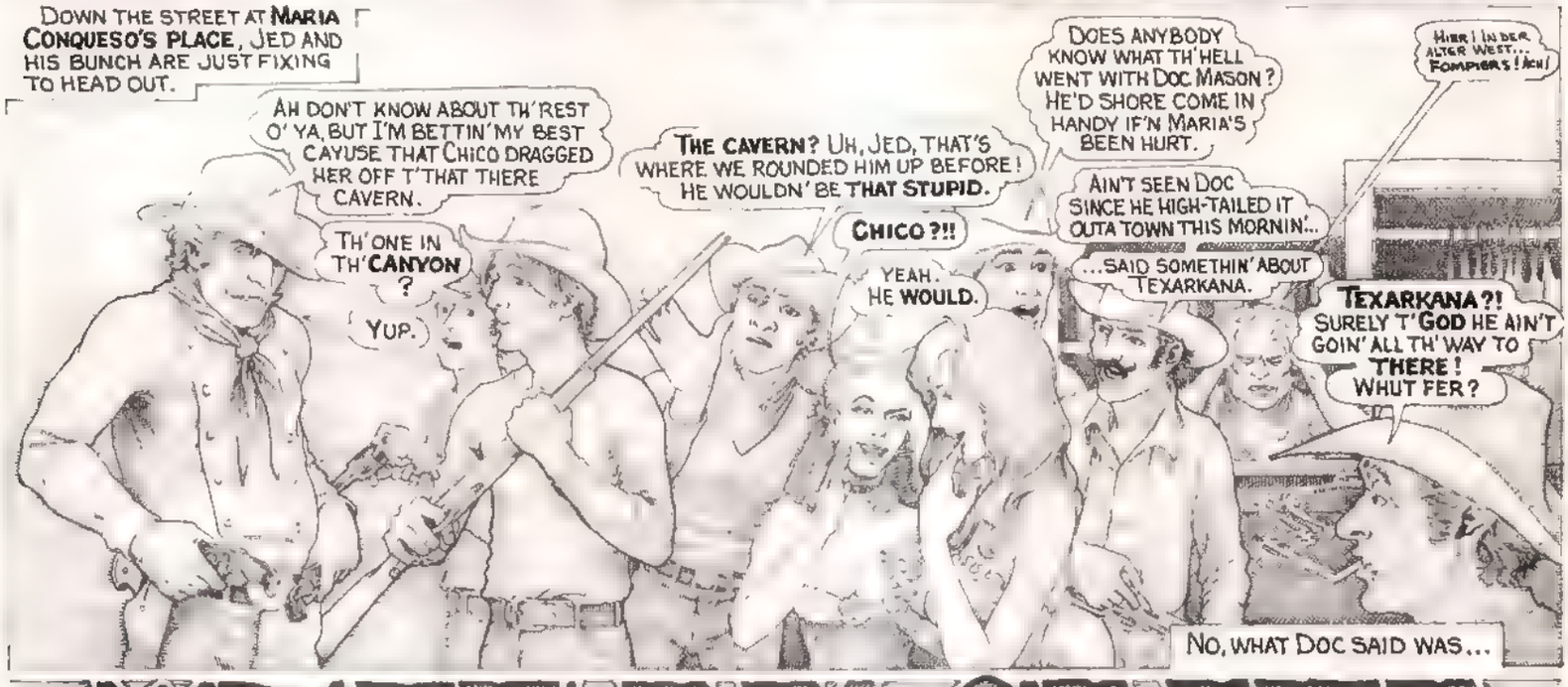
KEEP MY SON SAFE, GROM. TEACH HIM WELL, AND WHEN HE CAN UNDERSTAND, TELL HIM OF MY VICTORY OVER THE HIDEOUS WORM. NO DEVIL WILL EVER AGAIN PREY ON THE AESIR.
BUILD ME A CAIRN WHERE I MAY LIE, WITH MY BOW AND SWORD AT MY SIDE, THAT I MAY GUARD THIS VALLEY FOREVERMORE. IF THE GHOST OF THE WORM RETURNS MY SPIRIT WILL BE READY TO DEFEAT IT AGAIN.
YOUR FATHER SIGHED ONCE AND PASSED OVER INTO THE DARK.

HIS STORY FINISHED, GROM TOO PASSED AWAY, AND THE TALE OF BLOODSTAR THE ELDER AND HIS BATTLE WITH THE KING OF THE NORTHERN ABYSS BECAME LEGEND FOR ALL TIME.
THE END

HOWDY, FOLKS! ONCE AGAIN WE FIND OURSELVES BACK IN THE **OLD WEST**; IN THE DAYS OF CACTUS AND SAGEBRUSH, CORRALS AND SALOONS, COWBOYS AND... WELL, **OUR** COWBOYS APPEAR TO BE UP AGAINST **SOMETHING DIFFERENT**, WOULDN'T YOU AGREE? LET US RETURN TO THE TOWN OF **HANGMAN'S CORNERS** AND LOOK IN ON THE FOLKS GATHERED UPSTAIRS IN SADIE'S ROOM AT THE **NOOSE & GIBBET SALOON**...


SADIE (HIC)...YOU A'RIGHT? WE WUZ...WE...WUZ, UHHH... WORRIED 'BOUT YA. (BURP)
SADIE AIN'T HERE, SHERIFF
SHE PLUMB DISAPPEARED.
RECKON WE OUGHTA GET UP ANOTHER SEARCH PARTY?
NAH, 'CAUSE JED AN' HIS BUNCH IS A'READY GOIN' OUT A-LOOKIN' FER CHICO AN' MARIA. SURE AS SHOOTIN' IF THEY COME ACROSS SADIE, THEY'LL REALIZE SHE'S MISSIN' AN' FIND HER...RIGHT?
SURE. THAT MAKES SENSE!
...DON'T IT?

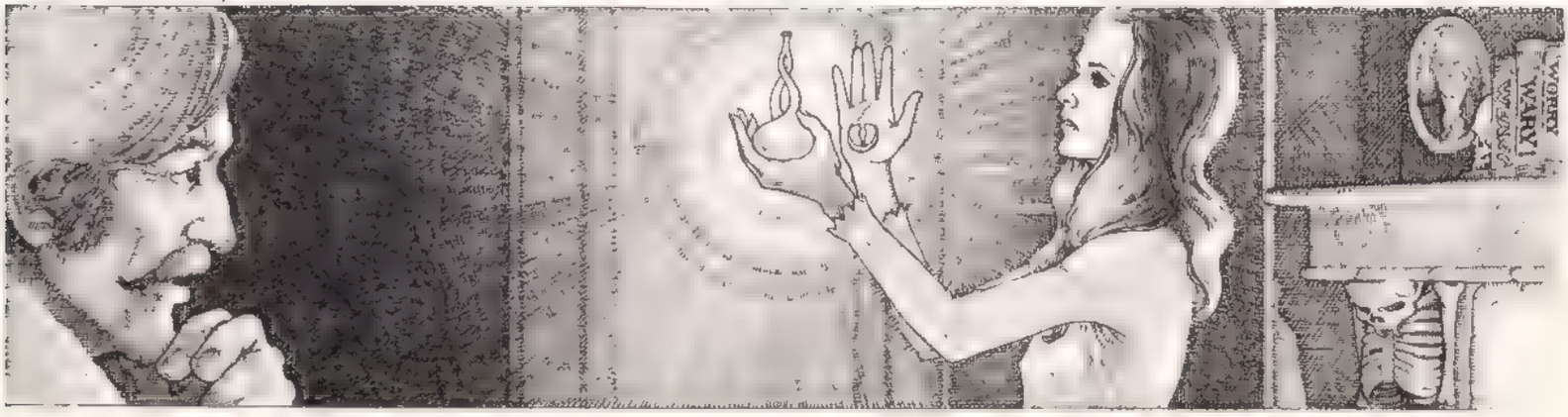
DOWN THE STREET AT **MARIA CONQUESO'S PLACE**, JED AND HIS BUNCH ARE JUST FIXING TO HEAD OUT.


AH DON'T KNOW ABOUT TH'REST O' YA, BUT I'M BETTIN' MY BEST CAYUSE THAT CHICO DRAGGED HER OFF T'THAT THERE CAVERN.
TH'ONE IN TH'**CANYON**?
YUP.
THE CAVERN? UH, JED, THAT'S WHERE WE ROUNDED HIM UP BEFORE! HE WOULDN'T BE **THAT STUPID**.
CHICO?!!
YEAH. HE **WOULD**.
DOES ANYBODY KNOW WHAT TH'HELL WENT WITH DOC MASON? HE'D SHORE COME IN HANDY IF'N MARIA'S BEEN HURT.
AIN'T SEEN DOC SINCE HE HIGH-TAILED IT OUTA TOWN THIS MORNIN'...
...SAID SOMETHIN' ABOUT TEXARKANA.
HIER I IN DER ALTER WEST... **FOMPIERS**! ACH!
TEXARKANA?! SURELY T'**GOD** HE AIN'T GOIN' ALL TH' WAY TO **THERE**! WHUT FER?
NO, WHAT DOC SAID WAS...

TEXARKANA

(PART FIVE)

IN THE MEANTIME, DOC MASON IS MANY MILES TO THE WEST OF HANGMAN'S CORNERS, IN THE HIDDEN LAIR OF **TEX ARCANA** HIMSELF!



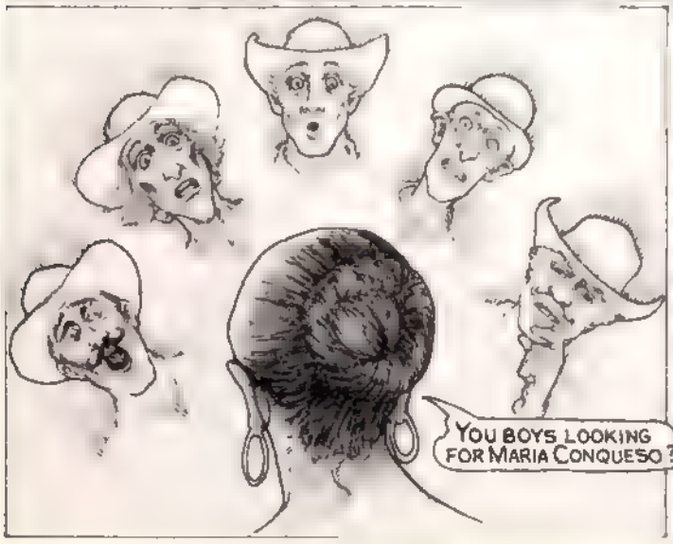
©1981 JOHN FINDLEY

Wuniað þū in Þæm /milthes byrgenes!
COOKING SPELLS
WARM SPELLS
EVIL SPELLS
Eye of Newt Juice
Geſceafta unācwenčedlices fyres.

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE CAVERN (THE ONE IN THE CANYON)....
DESTROYED ?
DESTROYED!
(INK) MASTER
THE RING THE RING
YOU REALLY OUGHT NOT TO GET SO UPSET...
BUT...HOW ?
...YOU SHOULD SEE WHAT IT DOES T'YA.
QUIET! THIS IS ALL YOUR DOING, YOU...YOU.. SIMPERING ANEMIC!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND. .NO FORCE ON EARTH IS STRONG ENOUGH TO DESTROY THAT RING.
THERE'S SOMETHING, OR SOMEONE, HERE THAT I HADN'T EXPECTED.
CAST ASIDE THAT USELESS BAGGAGE AND COME WITH ME. WE MUST REPAIR TO THE NETHERMOST FASTNESSES OF THE CAVE...
...THERE TO THINK!
POOR MARIA ..

OUTSIDE, JED AND HIS BUNCH ARE GATHERED AT THE MOUTH OF THE CAVERN.
IT'LL BE DAYLIGHT IN A HOUR 'R SO. MAYBE WE OUGHTA WAIT, JED.
DON'T MATTER NONE IN A CAVE, BOY. I'D JUST FEEL BETTER
AH KNOW JUS'WHUT YA MEAN, KID. THIS PLACE SHORE GIVES ME TH' CREEPS!
CAIN'T HE'P THINKIN' OF SLIM AN' APACHE HAROLD LAYIN' A-BURIED IN THERE.
THEY WUZ WHITER'N SHEETS
AN' THEY ALL OF 'EM HAD THEM WEIRD LI'L HOLES IN THEY NECKS...SPOOKY!
YEH, AN' NOW CHICO'S UP AN' WALKIN' 'ROUND ALIVE AGIN... MAYBE!
LISTEN, JED, IF YOU AN' THE BOYS DON'T SHUT UP THAT TALK, ME AN' THE KID ARE GOIN' BACK T' TOWN!
Y'RE RIGHT, CLYDE. NO USE GIT'N' ALL WORKED UP.
LET'S TIE TH' HORSES OUT HERE AN' WALK IN. THAT CLIP-CLOPPIN' WOULD BE A DEAD GIVEAWAY.
YA KNOW, TED, I'D SHORE'S HELL HATE T'THINK I'D HAFTA SLAP LEATHER T'NIGHT. I AIN'T DRAWED DOWN ON MAN NER BEAST IN NIGH ONTA TEN, TWELVE YEARS.
SHOT ME A SIDEWINDER TWO SUMMERS AGO.... I'M READY FER ANYTHING.
SAY, WILBUR, I BEEN THINKIN'... MAYBE ALL THIS LOCO STUFF'S GOT SOMETHIN' T'DO WITH THAT THERE STRANGER WHAT COME T'TOWN.
STRANGER? YA MEAN TH'ONE WITH THE BIG AHR'N ON HIS HIP? THAT WERE MONTHS AGO.
NAH, THE KID'S TALKIN' ABOUT TH' STRANGER THAT WAS HANGIN' 'ROUND SADIE... THE ONE WITH TH' BLACK OUTFIT AN' TH' FUNNY-LOOKIN' HAT.
QUIET BACK THERE! THIS HERE'S A SEARCH PARTY!

LORD GOD A' MIGHTY! WHAT WAS THAT?
'PEARED T'BE SOME KINDA BAT.
I BEEN TO A RODEO, A COW AUCTION AN' T'ALBUQUERQUE TWICE AN' I AIN'T NEVER SEEN NOTHIN' LIKE THAT!
EEK-EEK-EEK-EEK
WELL... THEY GOT ALL KINDS O' BATS.
AH HEARED TELL THEY GOT ONES DOWN IN MEXICO THAT'LL SUCK A COW'S BLOOD AT NIGHT.
IF YA BELIEVE THAT Y'LL BELIEVE ANYTHIN'.
I BELIEVE WE AIN'T GONNA FIND MARIA BY STANDIN' HERE JAWIN'!



SO EPISODE FIVE ENDS WITH A PLEASANT SURPRISE: A JOB WELL DONE BY JED AND HIS BUNCH. WHILE THEY DIDN'T EXACTLY RESCUE MARIA, THEY DID MANAGE TO FIND HER. OR VICE VERSA.

MAYBE THIS MARKS A TURNING POINT IN THE FORTUNES OF THE FOLKS OF HANGMAN'S CORNERS. MAYBE THIS MEANS THAT GOOD JUST MIGHT TRIUMPH OVER EVIL AFTER ALL...

THE BLUE AIR COMPRESSOR

A Telling of Horror

by Stephen King

The house was tall, with an incredible slope-shingled roof. As he walked up toward it from the shore road, Gerald Nately thought it was almost a country in itself, geography in microcosm. The roof dipped and rose at varying angles above the main building and two strangely angled wings; a widow's walk skirted a mushrooom-shaped cupola which looked toward the sea; the porch, facing the dunes and lusterless September scrub grass, was longer than a Pullman car and screened in. The high slope of roof made the house seem to beetle its brows and loom above him. A Baptist grandfather of a house.

He went to the porch and, after a moment of hesitation, through the screen door to the fanlighted one beyond. There were only a wicker chair, a rusty porch swing, and an old discarded knitting basket to watch him go. Spiders had spun silk in the shadowy upper corners. He knocked.

There was silence, inhabited silence. He was about to knock again when a chair someplace inside wheezed deeply in its throat. It was a tired sound. Silence. Then the slow, dreadfully patient sound of old, overburdened feet finding their way up the hall. Counterpoint of cane: Whock...whock...whock...

The floorboards creaked and whined. A shadow, huge and unformed in the pearled glass, bloomed on the fanlight. Endless sound of fingers laboriously solving the riddle of chain, bolt, and hasp lock. The door opened. "Hello," the nasal voice said flatly. "You're Nr. Nately. You've rented the cottage. My husband's cottage."

"Yes," Gerald said, his tongue swelling in his throat. "That's right. And you're—"

"Mrs. Leighton," the nasal voice said, pleased with either his quickness or her name, though neither was remarkable. "I'm Mrs. Leighton."

©1981 Stephen King

Illustration by Walter Simonson

***

this woman is so goddam fucking big and old she looks like oh jesus christ print dress she must be six-six and *fat* my god she's fat as a hog can't smell her white long white hair her legs those redwood trees in that movie a tank she could be a tank she could kill me her voice is out of any context like a kazoo jesus if i laugh i can't laugh can she be seventy god how does she walk and the cane her hands are bigger than my feet like a goddam tank she could go through oak for christ's sake

***

"You write." She hadn't offered him in.

"That's about the size of it," he said, and laughed to cover his own sudden shrinking from that metaphor.

"Will you show me some after you get settled?" she asked. Her eyes seemed perpetually luminous and wistful. They were not touched by the age that had run riot in the rest of her

***

wait get that written down

image: "age had run riot in her with luxuriant fleshiness: she was like a wild sow let loose in a great and dignified house to shit on the carpet, gore at the welsh dresser and send the crystal goblets and wine-glasses all crash-a-tumble, to trample the wine-colored divans to lunatic puffs of springs and stuffing, to spike the mirror-bright finish of the great hall floor with barbarian hoofprints and flying puddles of urine"

okay she's there it's a story i feel her

***

body, making it sag and billow.

"If you like," he said. "I didn't even see the cottage from the Shore Road, Mrs. Leighton. Could you tell me where—"

"Did you drive in?"

"Yes. I left my car over there." He pointed beyond the dunes, toward the road.

A smile, oddly one-dimensional, touched her lips. "That's why. You can only see a blink from the road; unless you're walking, you miss it." She pointed west at a slight angle away from the dunes and the house. "There. Right over that little hill."

"All right," he said, then stood there smiling. He really had no idea how to terminate the interview.

"Would you like to come in for some coffee? Or a Coca-Cola?"

"Yes," he said instantly.

She seemed a little taken back by his instant agreement. He had, after all, been her husband's friend, not her own. The face loomed above Gerald, moonlike, disconnected, undecided. Then she led him into the elderly, waiting house.

She had tea. He had Coke. Millions of eyes seemed to watch them. He felt like a burglar, stealing around the hidden fiction he could make of her, carrying only his own youthful winsomeness and a psychic flashlight.

***

My own name, of course, is Steve King, and you'll pardon my intrusion on your mind—or I hope you will. I could argue that the drawing aside of the curtain of presumption between reader and author is permissible because I am the writer; i.e., since it's *my* story I'll do any goddam thing I please with it—but since that leaves the reader out of it completely, that is not valid. Rule One for all writers is that the teller is not worth a tin tinker's fart when compared to the listener. Let us drop the matter, if we may. I am intruding for the same reason that the pope defecates: we both have to.

You should know that Gerald Nately was never brought to the dock; his crime was not discovered. He paid all the same. After writing four twisted, monumental novels, he cut his own head off with an ivory-figured guillotine purchased in Kowloon.

I invented him first during a moment of eight o'clock boredom in a class taught by Carroll F. Terrell of the University of Maine English faculty. Dr. Terrell was speaking of Edgar A. Poe, and I thought

ivory guillotine Kowloon
twisted woman of shadows, like a pig
some big house

The blue air compressor did not come until later.

***

He did show her some of his writing. Not the important part, the story he was writing about her, but fragments of poetry, the spine of a novel that had ached in his mind for a year like embedded shrapnel, four essays. She was a perceptive critic, and addicted to marginal notations with her black felt-tip pen. Because she sometimes dropped in when he was gone to the village, he kept ***the*** story hidden in the back shed.

September melted into cool October, and the story was completed, mailed to a friend, returned with suggestions (bad ones), rewritten. He felt it was good, but not quite right. Some indefinable was missing. The focus was a shade fuzzy. He began to toy with the idea of giving it to her for criticism, rejected it, toyed with it again. After all, the story *was* her; he never doubted she could supply the final vector.

His attitude concerning her became increasingly unhealthy; he was fascinated by her huge, animalistic bulk, by the slow, tortoiselike way she trekked across the space between the house and the cottage,

***

image: "mammoth shadow of decay swaying across shadowless sand, cane held in one twisted hand, feet clad in huge canvas shoes which pump and push at the coarse grains, face like a serving platter, puffy dough arms, breasts like drumlins, a geography in herself, a country of tissue"

***

by her reedy, vapid voice; but at the same time he loathed her, could not stand her touch. He began to feel like the young man in "The Tell-Tale Heart," by Edgar A. Poe. He felt he could stand at her bedroom door for endless midnights, shining one ray of light on her sleeping eye, ready to pounce and rip the instant it flashed open.

The urge to show her the story itched at him maddeningly. He had decided, by the first day of December, that he would do it. The decision making did not relieve him, as it is supposed to do in the novels, but it did leave him with a feeling of antiseptic pleasure. It was right that it should be so—an omega that quite dovetailed with the alpha. And it *was* omega; he was vacating the cottage on the fifth of December. On this day he had just returned from the Stowe Travel Agency in Portland, where he had booked passage for the Far East. He had done this almost on the spur of the moment: the decision to go and the decision to show his manuscript to Mrs. Leighton had come together, almost as if he had been guided by an invisible hand

***

In truth, he *was* guided by an invisible hand—mine.

***

The day was white with overcast, and the promise of snow lurked in its throat. The dunes seemed to foreshadow the winter already, as Gerald crossed them between the slate-roofed house of her dominion and the low stone cottage of his. The sea, sullen and gray, curled on the shingle of beach. Gulls rode the swells like buoys.

He crossed the top of the last dune and knew she was there—her cane, with its white bicycle handgrip at the base, stood against the side of the door. Smoke rifted from the toy chimney.

Gerald went up the board steps, kicked sand from his high-topped shoes to make her aware of his presence, and then went in.

"Hi, Mrs. Leighton!"

But the tiny living room and the kitchen both stood empty. The ship's clock on the mantel ticked only for itself and for Gerald. Her gigantic fur coat lay draped over the rocker like some animal sail. A small fire had been laid in the fireplace, and it glowed and crackled busily. The tea pot was on the gas range in the kitchen, and one tea cup stood on the counter, still waiting for water. He peered into the narrow hall which led to the bedroom.

"Mrs. Leighton?"

Hall and bedroom both empty.

He was about to turn back to the kitchen when the mammoth chuckles began. They were large, helpless shakings of laughter, the kind that stays hidden for years and ages like wine. (There is also an Edgar A. Poe story about wine.)

The chuckles evolved into large bellows of laughter. They came from behind the door to the right of Gerald's bed, the last door in the cottage. From the toolshed.

***

my balls are crawling like in grammar school the old bitch she's laughing she found it the old fat shebitch goddam her goddam her goddam her you old whore you're doing that 'cause i'm out here you old shebitch whore you piece of shit

***

He went to the door in one step and pulled it open. She was sitting next to the small space heater in the shed, her dress pulled up over her oak-stump knees to allow her to sit cross-legged, and his manuscript was held, dwarfed, in her bloated hands.

Her laughter roared and racketed around him. Gerald Nately saw bursting colors in front of his eyes. She was a slug, a maggot, a gigantic crawling thing evolved in the cellar of the shadowy house by the sea, a dark bug that had swaddled itself in grotesque human form.

In the flat light from the one cobwebbed window her face became a hanging graveyard moon, pocked by the sterile craters of her eyes and the ragged earthquake rift of her mouth.

"Don't you laugh," Gerald said stiffly.

"Oh Gerald," she said, laughing all the same. "This is such a bad story. I don't blame you for using a pen name. It's—" She wiped tears of laughter from her eyes. "It's *abominable*!"

He began to walk toward her stiffly.

"You haven't made me *big* enough, Gerald. That's the trouble. I'm too big for you. Perhaps Poe, or Dostoyevsky, or Melville...but not *you*, Gerald. Not *you*. Not *you*."

She began to laugh again, huge racking explosions of sound.

"Don't you laugh," Gerald said stiffly.

***

The toolshed, after the manner of Zola:

Wooden walls, which showed occasional chunks of light, surrounded rabbit traps hung and slung in corners; a pair of dusty, unstrung snowshoes; a rusty space heater showing flickers of yellow flame like cat's eyes; rakes; a shovel; hedge clippers; an ancient green hose coiled like a garter snake; four bald tires stacked like doughnuts; a rusty workbench covered with nails, screws, bolts, washers, two hammers, a plane, a broken level, a dismantled carburetor which once sat inside a 1949 Packard convertible; a 4hp air compressor painted electric blue, plugged into an extension cord running back into the house.

***

"Don't you laugh," Gerald said again, but she continued to rock back and forth, holding her stomach and flapping the manuscript with her wheezing breath like a white bird.

His hand found the rusty Winchester rifle and he pole-axed her with it.

***

Most horror stories are sexual in nature.

I'm sorry to break in with this information but feel I must in order to make the way clear for the grisly conclusion of this piece, which is (at least psychologically) a clear metaphor for fears of sexual impotence on my part. Mrs. Leighton's large mouth is symbolic of the vagina; the hose of the compressor is a penis. Her female bulk, huge and overpowering, is a mythic representation of the sexual fear that lives in every male, to a greater or lesser degree: that the woman, with her opening, is a devourer.

In the works of Edgar A. Poe, Stephen King, Gerald Nately, and others who practice this particular literary form, we are apt to find locked rooms, dungeons, empty mansions (all symbols of the womb); scenes of living burial (sexual impotence); the dead returned from the grave (necrophilia); grotesque monsters or human beings (externalized fear of the sexual act itself); torture and/or murder (a viable alternative to the sexual act).

These possibilities are not always valid, but the post-Freud reader and writer must take them into consideration when attempting the genre.

Abnormal psychology has become a part of the human experience.

***

She made thick, unconscious noises in her throat as he whirled around madly, looking for an instrument; her head lolled brokenly on the thick stalk of her neck.

He seized the hose of the air compressor.

"All right," he said thickly. "All right, now. All right."

***

bitch fat old bitch you've had yours not big enough is that right well you'll be bigger you'll be bigger still

***

He ripped her head back by the hair and rammed the hose into her mouth, into her gullet. She screamed around it, a sound like a cat.

***

Part of the inspiration for this story came from an old E.C. horror comic book which I bought in a Lisbon Falls drugstore. In one particular story, a husband and wife murdered each other simultaneously in mutually ironic (and brilliant) fashion. He was very fat; she was very thin. He shoved the hose of an air compressor down her throat and blew her up to dirigible size. On his way downstairs a booby trap she had rigged fell on him and squashed him to a shadow.

Any author who tells you he has never plagiarized is a liar. A good author begins with bad ideas and improbabilities and fashions them into comments on the human condition.

In a horror story, it is imperative that the grotesque be elevated to the status of the abnormal.

***

The compressor turned on with a whoosh and a chug. The hose flew out of Mrs. Leighton's mouth. Giggling and gibbering, Gerald stuffed it back in. Her feet drummed and thumped on the floor. The flesh of her cheeks and diaphragm began to swell rhythmically. Her eyes bulged and became glass marbles. Her torso began to expand.

***

here it is here it is you lousy louse are you big enough yet are you big enough

***

The compressor wheezed and racketed. Mrs. Leighton swelled like a beach ball. Her lungs became straining blowfish.

***

Fiends! Devils! Dissemble no more! Here! Here! It is the beating of his hideous heart!

***

She seemed to explode all at once.

***

Sitting in a boiling hotel room in Bombay, Gerald rewrote the story he had begun at the cottage on the other side of the world. The original title had been "The Hog." After some deliberation he retitled it "The Blue Air Compressor."

He had resolved it to his own satisfaction. There was a certain lack of motivation concerning the final scene, where the fat old woman was murdered, but he did not see that as a fault. In "The Tell-Tale Heart," Edgar A. Poe's finest story, there is not real motivation for the murder of the old man, and that was as it should be. The motive is not the point.

***

She got very big just before the end; even her legs swelled up to twice their normal size. At the very end, her tongue popped out of her mouth like a party favor.

***

After leaving Bombay, Gerald Nately went on to Hong Kong, then to Kowloon. The ivory guillotine caught his fancy immediately.

***

As the author, I can see only one correct omega to this story, and that is to tell you how Gerald Nately got rid of the body. He tore up the floorboards of the shed, dismembered Mrs. Leighton, and buried the sections in the sand beneath.

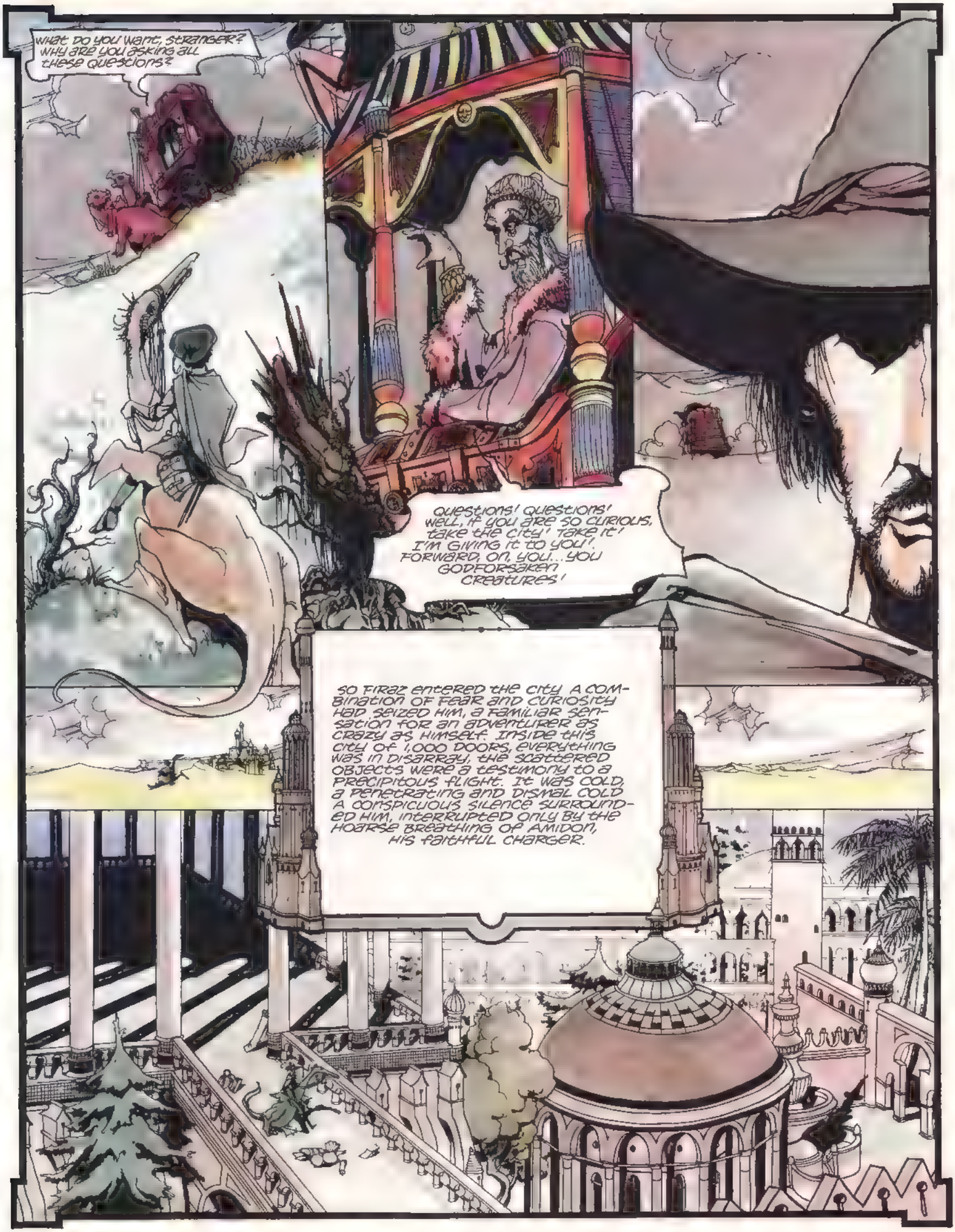
When he notified the police that she had been missing for a week, the local constable and a state policeman came at once. Gerald entertained them quite naturally, even offering them coffee. He heard no beating heart, but then, the interview was conducted in the big house.

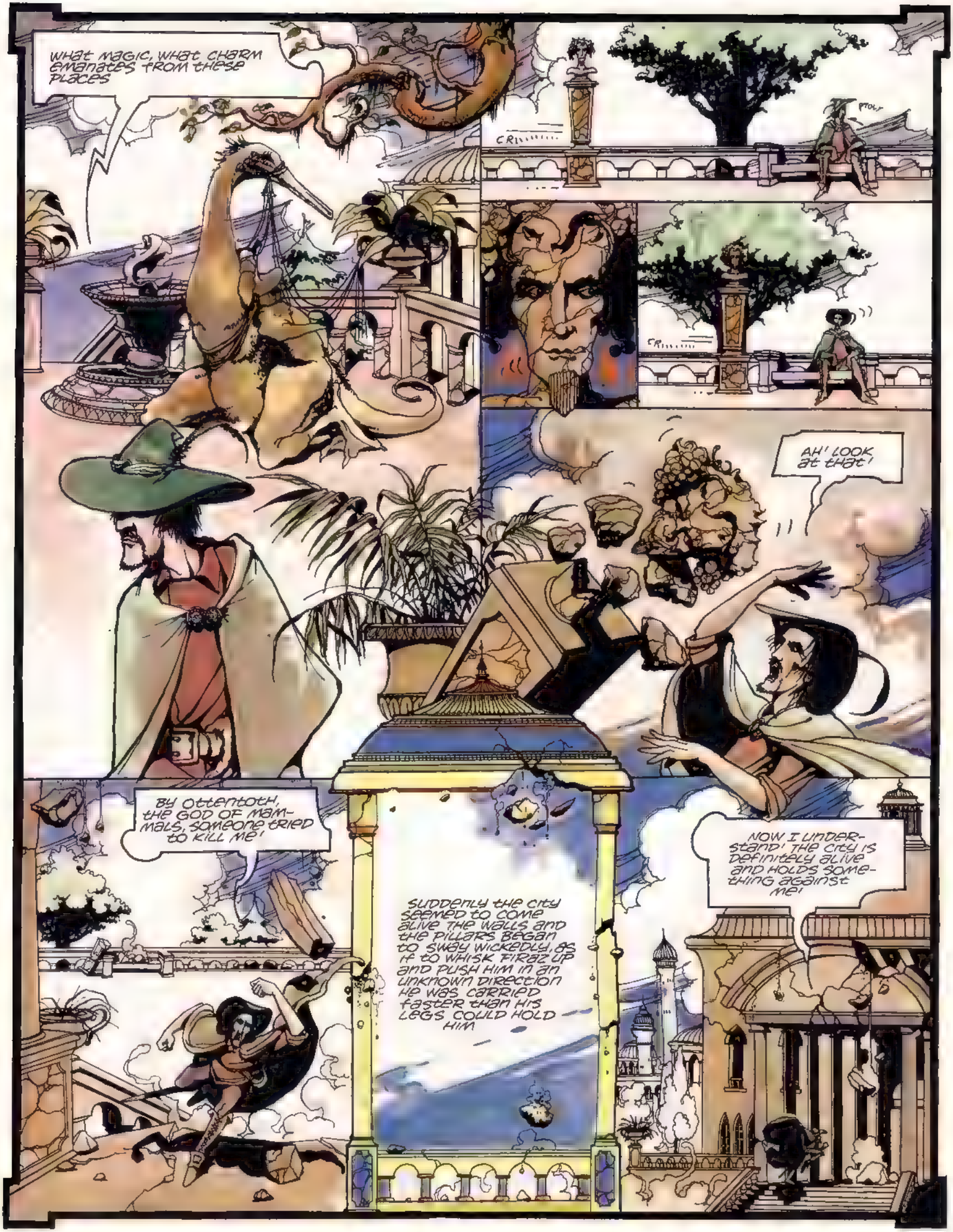
On the following day he flew away, toward Bombay, Hong Kong, and Kowloon.

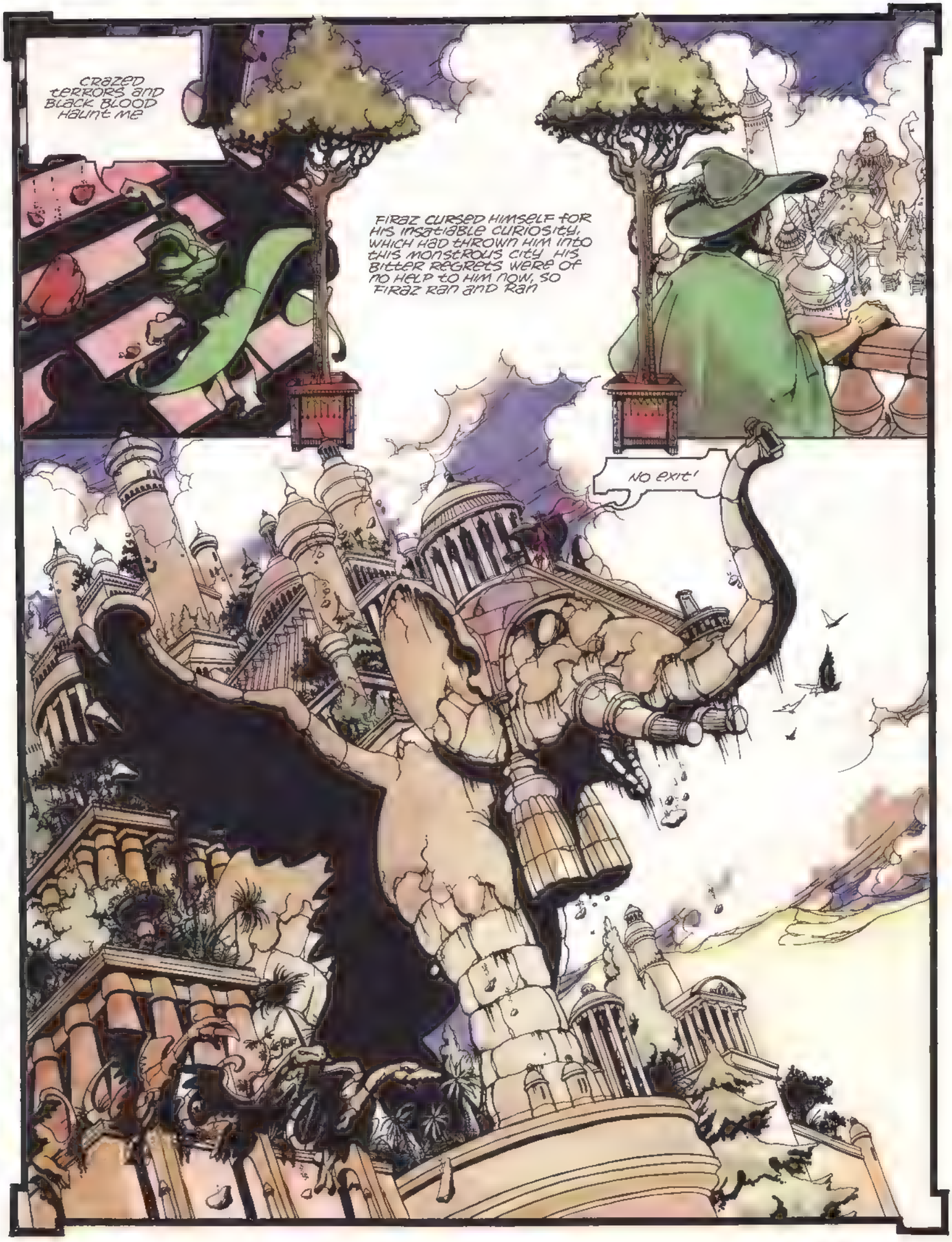
STORY BY DRUILLET
ART BY MR. PICOTTO
FIRAZ
FIRAZ LIVED IN A TIME WHEN THE WORLD HAD NO NAME HE WAS A LIVING REMINDER OF THE LOWER QUARTERS OF THE RED CITY WHICH BORDERS ON THE GREAT SEA FIRAZ, FILTHY AND STARVING, TRAVELED A LONG TIME IN THE FOREST OF THE BLACK PILLARS, AND EVENTUALLY SIGHTED A CITY UNFAMILIAR TO HIM. IT WAS ARSANEM, ONE OF THE MANY CITIES POPULATING THE ORIENTAL WORLD

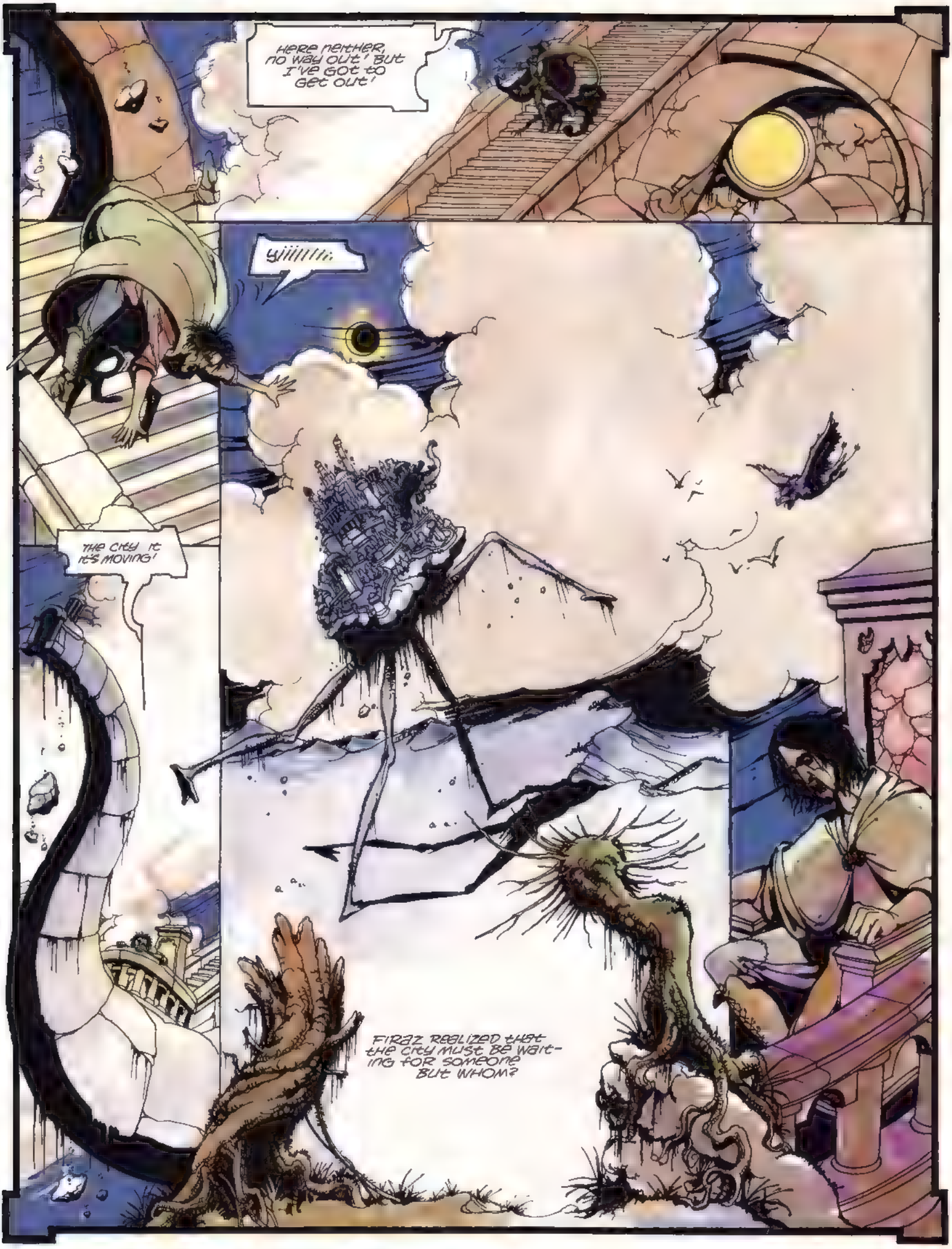
But as he stood and gazed at this beautiful city, he noticed its inhabitants were dispersing in small groups out into the countryside.

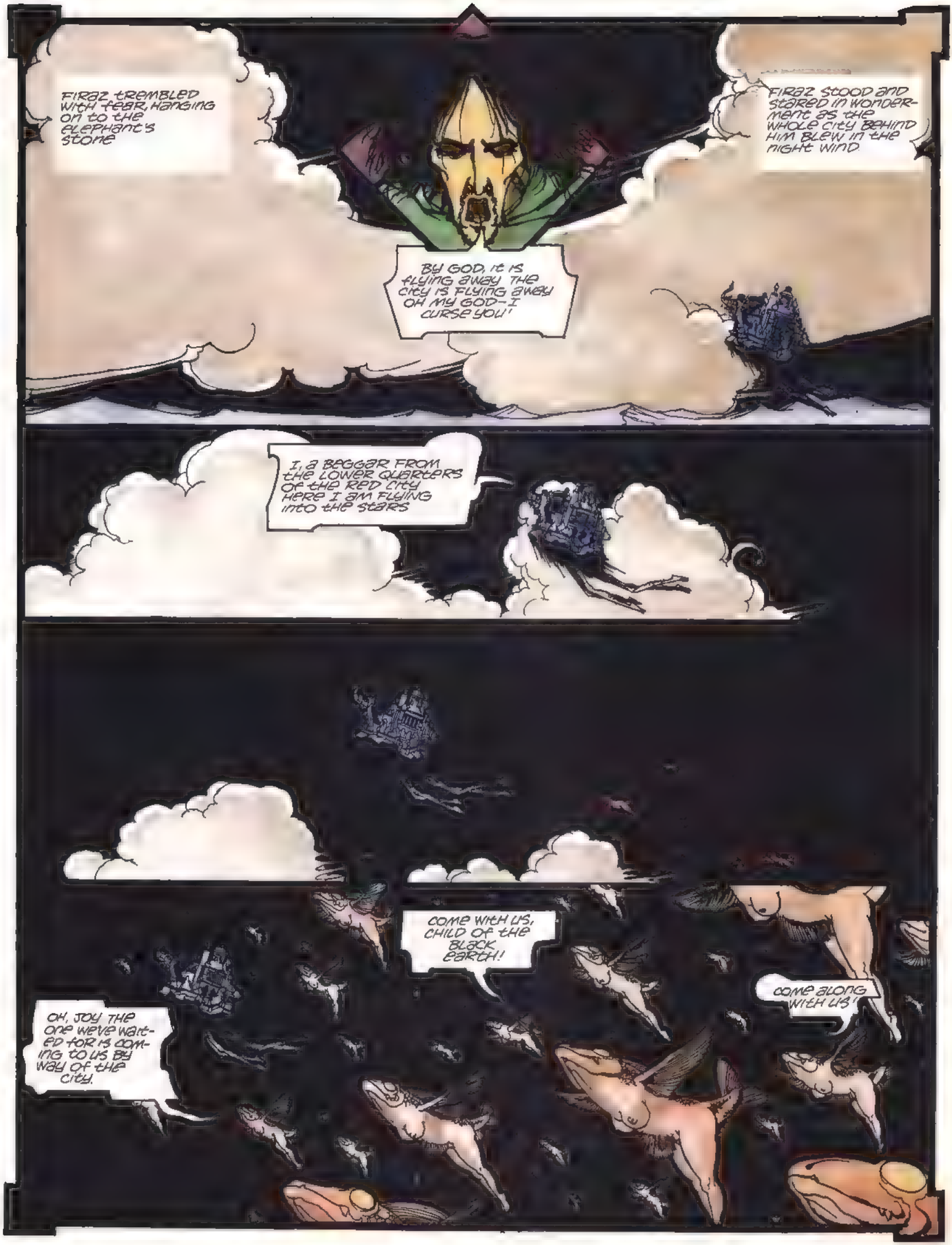
WHY ARE YOU RUNNING AWAY? ARE YOU RUNNING FROM YOUR CITY?
YOU TOO SHOULD RUN, HANDSOME STRANGER— THAT IS, IF YOU CHERISH YOUR OWN LIFE
YOUR CITY IS SO RICH AND SO BEAUTIFUL. WHAT IS SO TERRIBLE THAT IT MAKES YOU LEAVE THIS WAY?
MAKE ROOM! MAKE ROOM! FOR THE PRINCE ARSANEM, DEAD LEAVES!

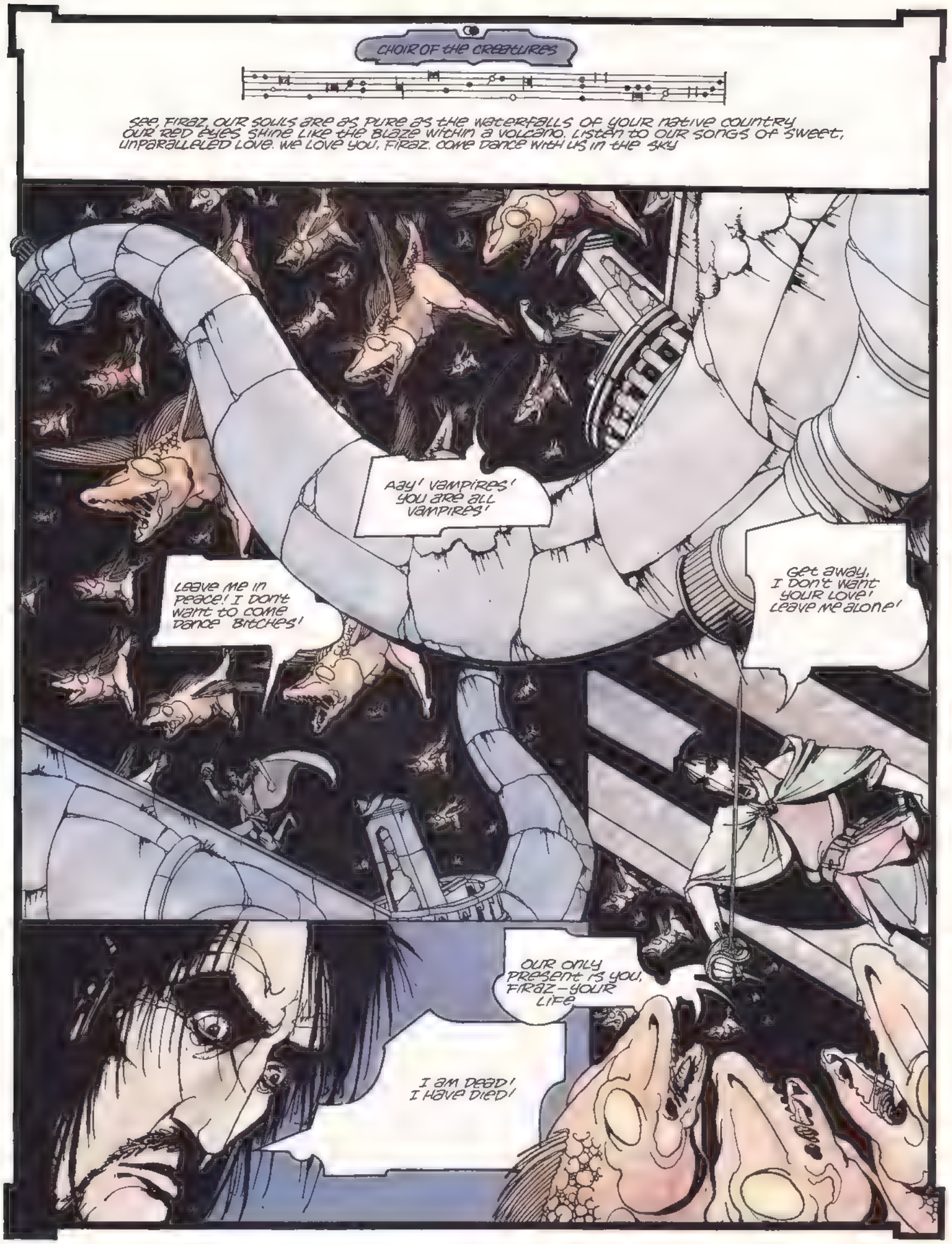

WHAT DO YOU WANT, STRANGER? WHY ARE YOU ASKING ALL THESE QUESTIONS?
QUESTIONS! QUESTIONS! WELL, IF YOU ARE SO CURIOUS, TAKE THE CITY! TAKE IT! I'M GIVING IT TO YOU! FORWARD, ON, YOU... YOU GODFORSAKEN CREATURES!
SO FIRAZ ENTERED THE CITY. A COMBINATION OF FEAR AND CURIOSITY HAD SEIZED HIM, A FAMILIAR SENSATION FOR AN ADVENTURER AS CRAZY AS HIMSELF. INSIDE THIS CITY OF 1,000 DOORS, EVERYTHING WAS IN DISARRAY, THE SCATTERED OBJECTS WERE A TESTIMONY TO A PRECIPITOUS FLIGHT. IT WAS COLD, A PENETRATING AND DISMAL COLD. A CONSPICUOUS SILENCE SURROUNDED HIM, INTERRUPTED ONLY BY THE HOARSE BREATHING OF AMIDON, HIS FAITHFUL CHARGER.

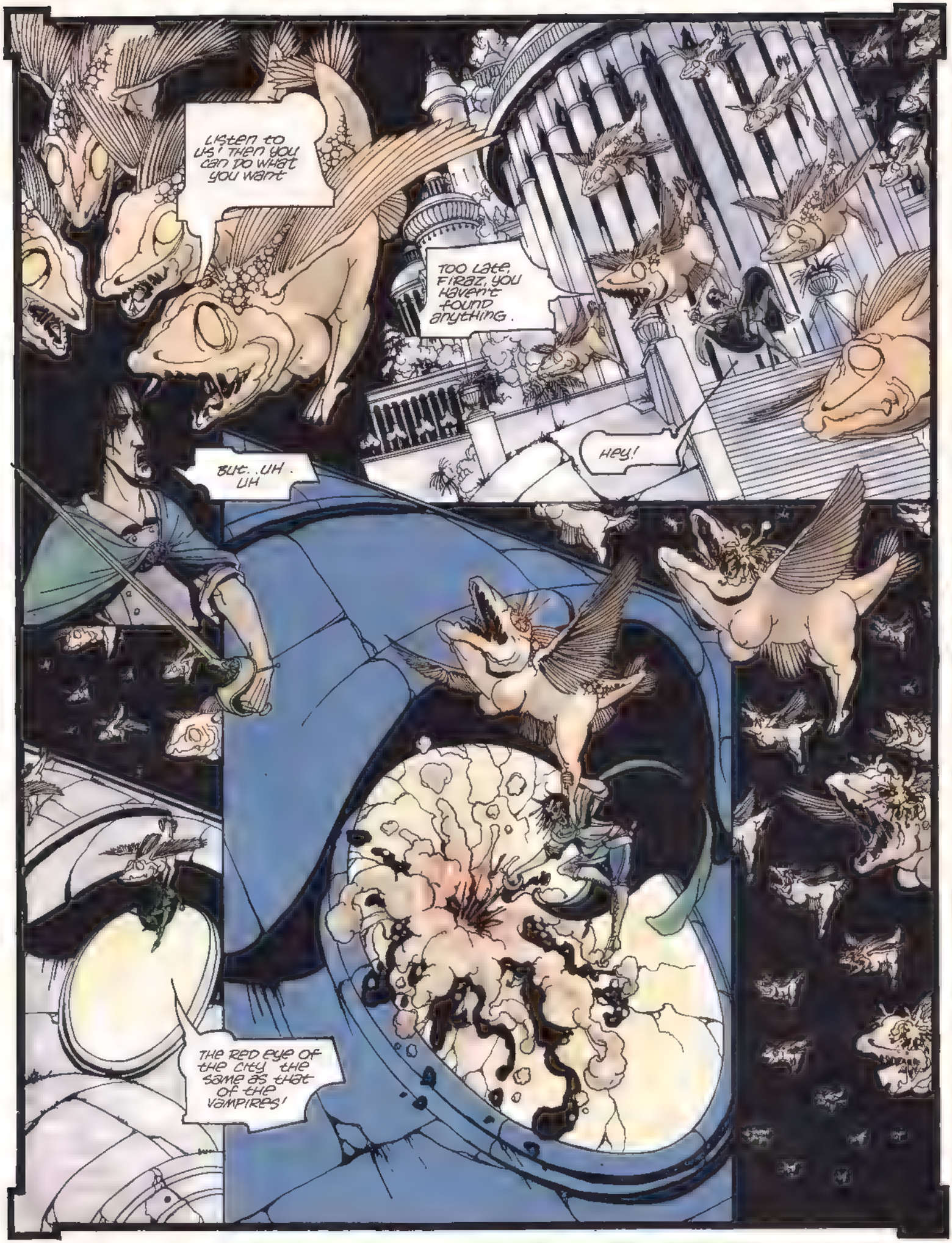

WHAT MAGIC, WHAT CHARM EMANATES FROM THESE PLACES
AH! LOOK AT THAT!
BY OTTENTOTH, THE GOD OF MAMMALS, SOMEONE TRIED TO KILL ME!
SUDDENLY THE CITY SEEMED TO COME ALIVE THE WALLS AND THE PILLARS BEGAN TO SWAY WICKEDLY, AS IF TO WHISK FIRAZ UP AND PUSH HIM IN AN UNKNOWN DIRECTION HE WAS CARRIED FASTER THAN HIS LEGS COULD HOLD HIM
NOW I UNDERSTAND! THE CITY IS DEFINITELY ALIVE AND HOLDS SOMETHING AGAINST ME!


CRAZED TERRORS AND BLACK BLOOD HAUNT ME
FIRAZ CURSED HIMSELF FOR HIS INSATIABLE CURIOSITY, WHICH HAD THROWN HIM INTO THIS MONSTROUS CITY. HIS BITTER REGRETS WERE OF NO HELP TO HIM NOW, SO FIRAZ RAN AND RAN
NO EXIT!


HERE NEITHER, NO WAY OUT! BUT I'VE GOT TO GET OUT!
YIIIIIIII!
THE CITY! IT IT'S MOVING!
FIRAZ REALIZED THAT THE CITY MUST BE WAITING FOR SOMEONE BUT WHOM?


FIRAZ TREMBLED WITH FEAR, HANGING ON TO THE ELEPHANT'S STONE
FIRAZ STOOD AND STARED IN WONDERMENT AS THE WHOLE CITY BEHIND HIM BLEW IN THE NIGHT WIND
BY GOD, IT IS FLYING AWAY THE CITY IS FLYING AWAY OH MY GOD-I CURSE YOU!
I, A BEGGAR FROM THE LOWER QUARTERS OF THE RED CITY HERE I AM FLYING INTO THE STARS
COME WITH US, CHILD OF THE BLACK EARTH!
COME ALONG WITH US!
OH, JOY THE ONE WE'VE WAITED FOR IS COMING TO US BY WAY OF THE CITY.


CHOIR OF THE CREATURES
See, Firaz, our souls are as pure as the waterfalls of your native country. Our red eyes shine like the blaze within a volcano. Listen to our songs of sweet, unparalleled love. We love you, Firaz. Come dance with us in the sky
Aay! Vampires! You are all vampires!
Leave me in peace! I don't want to come dance bitches!
Get away, I don't want your love! Leave me alone!
Our only present is you, Firaz – your life
I am dead! I have died!


LISTEN TO US! THEN YOU CAN DO WHAT YOU WANT
TOO LATE, FIRAZ, YOU HAVEN'T FOUND ANYTHING.
HEY!
BUT...UH. UH
THE RED EYE OF THE CITY THE SAME AS THAT OF THE VAMPIRES!

I SAW IT SO CLEARLY!

I'M NOT DOING TOO BADLY AFTER ALL! IN YEARS TO COME, THEY WILL SAY OF FIRAZ THAT HE WAS OH! SO CURIOUS!
WHAT IS THAT?
THE CITY! OH, HORRORS! IT'S GROWING AGAIN!
I DON'T THINK I'LL STICK AROUND TO SEE THAT!
©FW

"YOU'RE ALL CRAZY"

That's what the publishers of comic books in the late Sixties were saying. "You can't sell comic books where one artist does his own writing, inking and lettering," they said. "The public wants assembly-line art. You guys are crazy."

They were right — but after over 1,000,000 underground comix have been sold, it seems like they were only right about the last part. These artists **were** crazy, and countless fans have enjoyed their brand of insanity ever since. Underground comix are alive and well after over a decade of breaking the old rules of cartooning. And they are available, through this offer, in their original form.

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_____Comix Funnies Package @ $6.75 (KGFUNNY)
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SOMETIME IN THE LAST CENTURY, MAN CONQUERED THE FRONTIERS OF SPACE.

SCIENTIFIC EXPLORATIONS HAVE BEEN REPLACED BY CORPORATE EXPEDITIONS TO EXPLOIT THE VAST MINERAL WEALTH OF DISTANT WORLDS. ONE OF THE PRIME COLONIES IS IO, THE INNERMOST MOON OF JUPITER.

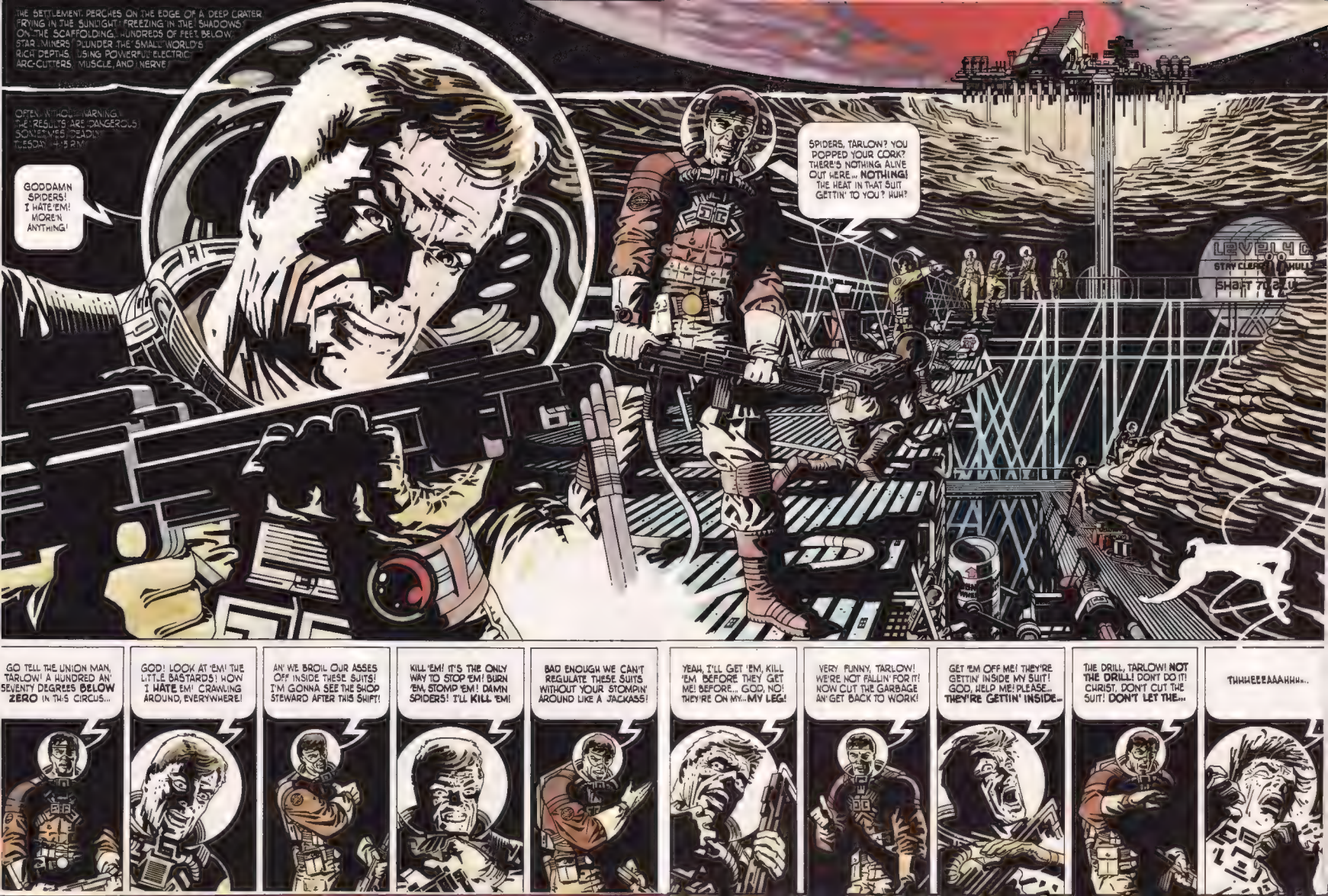
TRAPPED BY THE FIERCE GRAVITATIONAL FIELD OF THE GIANT PLANET, IO IS AN AIRLESS, SULFUROUS LUNAR BODY, WITH A RADIUS OF 566 MILES AND A SURFACE GRAVITY ONE-SEVENTH THAT OF EARTH. THE FEARSOME MASS OF JUPITER GIVES THE ILLUSION THAT THOSE ON THE TINY MOON COULD FALL UPWARD, SWALLOWED BY THE IMMENSITY.

UNDER THE GLARE OF JUPITER'S STORMY RED EYE, CON-AMALGAMATE 27 IS ERECTED—A HUGE MINING COMPLEX, WHICH EXISTS SOLELY TO EXTRACT PRECIOUS ORE FROM IO'S CRUST. ITS INHABITANTS ARE FUGITIVES AND LONERS, AN ARMY OF SOCIETY'S MISFITS. DRAWN TO IO BY DESPERATION AND GREED, THE LABORERS ARE ANONYMOUS DRONES TRYING TO FORGET THEIR PASTS. THEY HAVE FOUND A REMOTE SANCTUARY IN THE DARK, BARREN RECESSES OF **OUTLAND.**

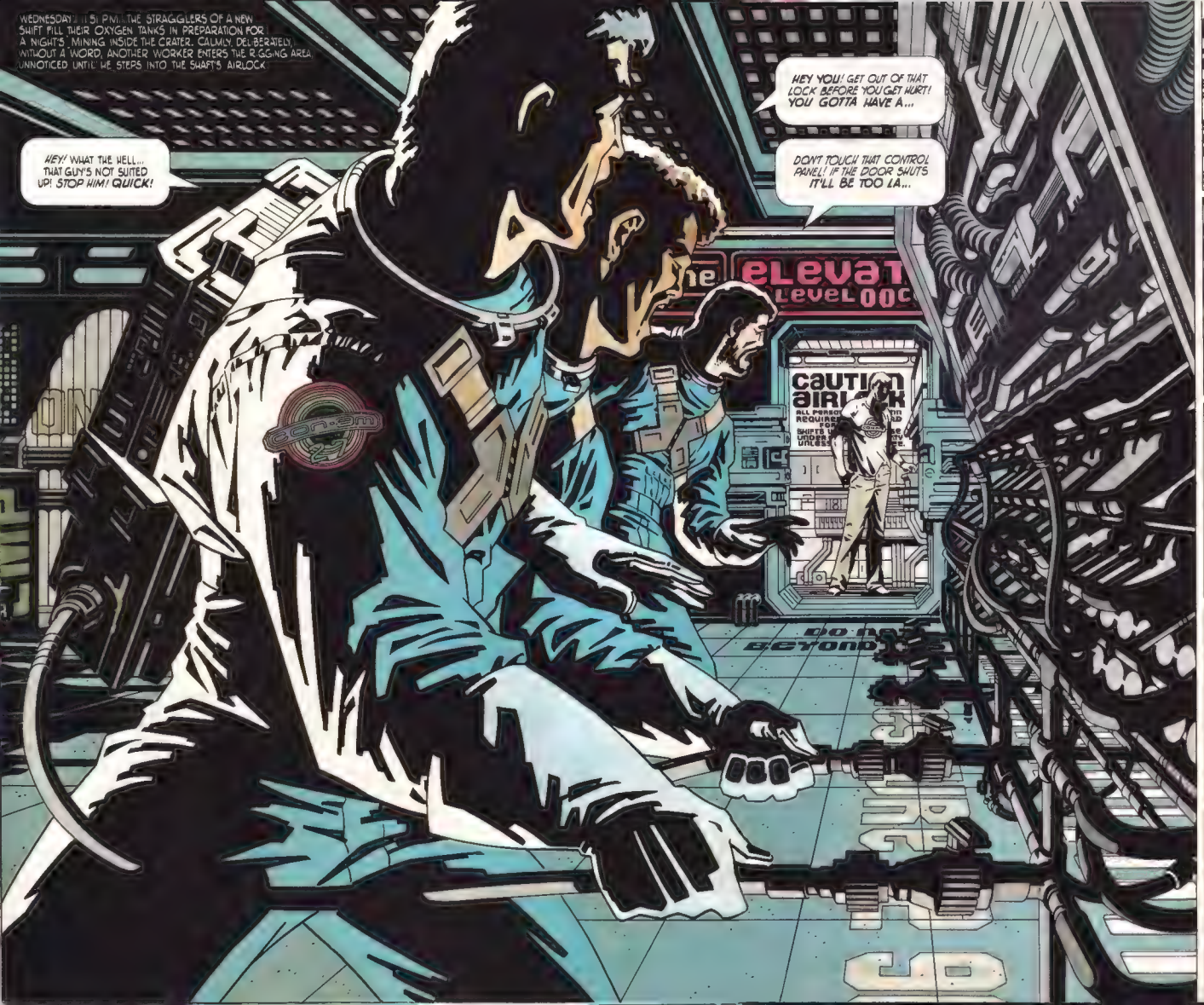
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY STERANKO

OUTLAND

ADAPTED FROM THE PETER HYAMS SCIENCE FICTION FILM

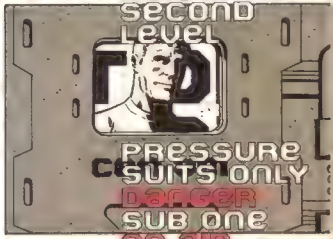

THE SETTLEMENT PERCHES ON THE EDGE OF A DEEP CRATER FRYING IN THE SUNLIGHT, FREEZING IN THE SHADOWS. ON THE SCAFFOLDING, HUNDREDS OF FEET BELOW, STAR MINERS PLUNDER THE SMALL WORLD'S RICH DEPTHS, USING POWERFUL ELECTRIC ARC-CUTTERS, MUSCLE, AND NERVE.
OFTEN, WITHOUT WARNING, THE RESULTS ARE DANGEROUS, SOMETIMES DEADLY.
TUESDAY, 4:15 P.M.
GODDAMN SPIDERS! I HATE 'EM! MORE'N ANYTHING!
SPIDERS, TARLOW? YOU POPPED YOUR CORK? THERE'S NOTHING ALIVE OUT HERE... NOTHING! THE HEAT IN THAT SUIT GETTIN' TO YOU? HUH?
LEVEL 4 C
STAY CLEAR OF MULES
SHAFT 7U&L
GO TELL THE UNION MAN, TARLOW! A HUNDRED AN' SEVENTY DEGREES BELOW ZERO IN THIS CIRCUS...
GOD! LOOK AT 'EM! THE LITTLE BASTARDS! HOW I HATE 'EM! CRAWLING AROUND, EVERYWHERE!
AN' WE BROIL OUR ASSES OFF INSIDE THESE SUITS! I'M GONNA SEE THE SHOP STEWARD AFTER THIS SHIFT!
KILL 'EM! IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO STOP 'EM! BURN 'EM, STOMP 'EM! DAMN SPIDERS! I'LL KILL 'EM!
BAD ENOUGH WE CAN'T REGULATE THESE SUITS WITHOUT YOUR STOMPIN' AROUND LIKE A JACKASS!
YEAH, I'LL GET 'EM, KILL 'EM BEFORE THEY GET ME! BEFORE... GOD, NO! THEY'RE ON MY... MY LEG!
VERY FUNNY, TARLOW! WE'RE NOT FALLIN' FOR IT! NOW CUT THE GARBAGE AN' GET BACK TO WORK!
GET 'EM OFF ME! THEY'RE GETTIN' INSIDE MY SUIT! GOD, HELP ME! PLEASE... THEY'RE GETTIN' INSIDE...
THE DRILL, TARLOW! NOT THE DRILL! DON'T DO IT! CHRIST, DON'T CUT THE SUIT! DON'T LET THE...
TWWWEEEAAAHHH...

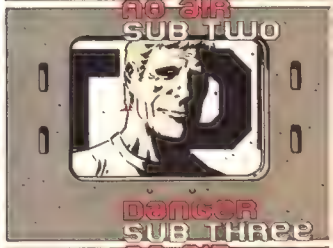
WEDNESDAY: 7:47 A.M... THE ADMINISTRATION MESS HALL ADJOINING THE WORKERS' CAFETERIA, WHERE A FRACTION OF THE COLONY'S 2,444 PERSONNEL ARE PRESENT TO OFFICIALLY WELCOME FEDERAL MARSHAL WILLIAM T. O'NIEL TO A JOB FEW MEN WOULD CONSIDER WORTHWHILE CON-AM 27 GENERAL MANAGER MARK B. SHEPPARD HAS MADE THE INTRODUCTION TO THE GENERAL STAFF. HE ASKS FOR QUESTIONS. THERE ARE NONE.
MARSHAL! FLO SPECTOR, ACCOUNTING SERVICES! I'M SURE I SPEAK FOR MARK AND ALL OF US IN EXTENDING A WELCOME TO YOU AND YOUR FAMILY! I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN HERE ALMOST TWO WEEKS, BUT IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOUR WIFE AND SON, PLEASE HAVE THEM CALL ME!
THANK YOU VERY MUCH, MRS SPECTOR. I'LL TELL CAROL TO KEEP IN TOUCH WITH YOU WE'LL ALL HAVE TO GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER... HOPE I CAN JUSTIFY YOUR TRUST!
O'NIEL
FEDERAL SECURITY AGENCY
WERE PRETTY MUCH LIKE EVERY OTHER MINING TOWN, MARSHAL, NO SURPRISES, NO TROUBLE. I'M SURE YOU'LL BE USED TO US IN NO TIME. JUST REMEMBER, OUR PEOPLE WORK HARD, VERY HARD!
SINCE I'VE BEEN HERE, THE MINE HAS BROKEN ALL PRODUCTIVITY RECORDS. WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO BECOMING THE TOP CON-AM OUTFIT ... AND EVERYONE IN THIS ROOM HAS A BIG BONUS TO PROVE IT!
DEPUTY MONTONE WILL TELL YOU, I WORK THEM HARD AND I LET THEM PLAY HARD. GOOD WORK COMES FROM CONTENTED PEOPLE. GIVE THEM ROOM TO LET OFF STEAM... KNOW WHAT I MEAN, MARSHAL?
SHEPPARD
SHUTTLE
LOCATION: IN TRANSIT
THANK YOU FOR THE ADVICE, MR SHEPPARD!
MOMENTS LATER, IN A NEARBY ACCESS CORRIDOR
HEY, O'NIEL! TAKE IT EASY! HE WAS JUST TRYING TO SNIFF YOU OUT! THAT'S ALL! THINGS RUN SMOOTH, AND THEY MAKE THEIR MONEY!
WHAT THE HELL DOES HE MEAN BY ALL THAT KNOW WHAT I MEAN, MARSHAL? STUFF?
I DON'T LIKE HIS WAY! ROOM TO LET OFF A LITTLE STEAM? HE'S AN ASSHOLE!
A VERY POWERFUL ASSHOLE! BELIEVE ME, O'NIEL, HE'S NO ONE TO MESS AROUND WITH!
YEAH! I REALLY WOWED THEM!
THAT'S JUST HIS WAY! A LITTLE CEREMONY FOR THE GOOD FOLK! THAT'S ALL. C'MON!
FEDERAL MARSHAL CON-AM 27
O'NIEL
ASSHOLE!

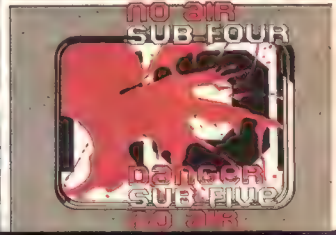

WEDNESDAY 11:51 PM. THE STRAGGLERS OF A NEW SHIFT FILL THEIR OXYGEN TANKS IN PREPARATION FOR A NIGHT'S MINING INSIDE THE CRATER. CALMLY, DELIBERATELY, WITHOUT A WORD, ANOTHER WORKER ENTERS THE RIGGING AREA UNNOTICED UNTIL HE STEPS INTO THE SHAFT'S AIRLOCK
HEY! WHAT THE HELL... THAT GUY'S NOT SUITED UP! STOP HIM! QUICK!
HEY YOU! GET OUT OF THAT LOCK BEFORE YOU GET HURT! YOU GOTTA HAVE A...
DON'T TOUCH THAT CONTROL PANEL! IF THE DOOR SHUTS IT'LL BE TOO LA...
ELEVAT
LEVEL 00C
CAUTION
AIR
ALL PERSONS REQUIRED FOR SHIFTS UNDER UNLESS
con-am
DO NOT BEYOND

CAUTION
ELEVATOR IN
OPERATION
GROUND
LEVEL

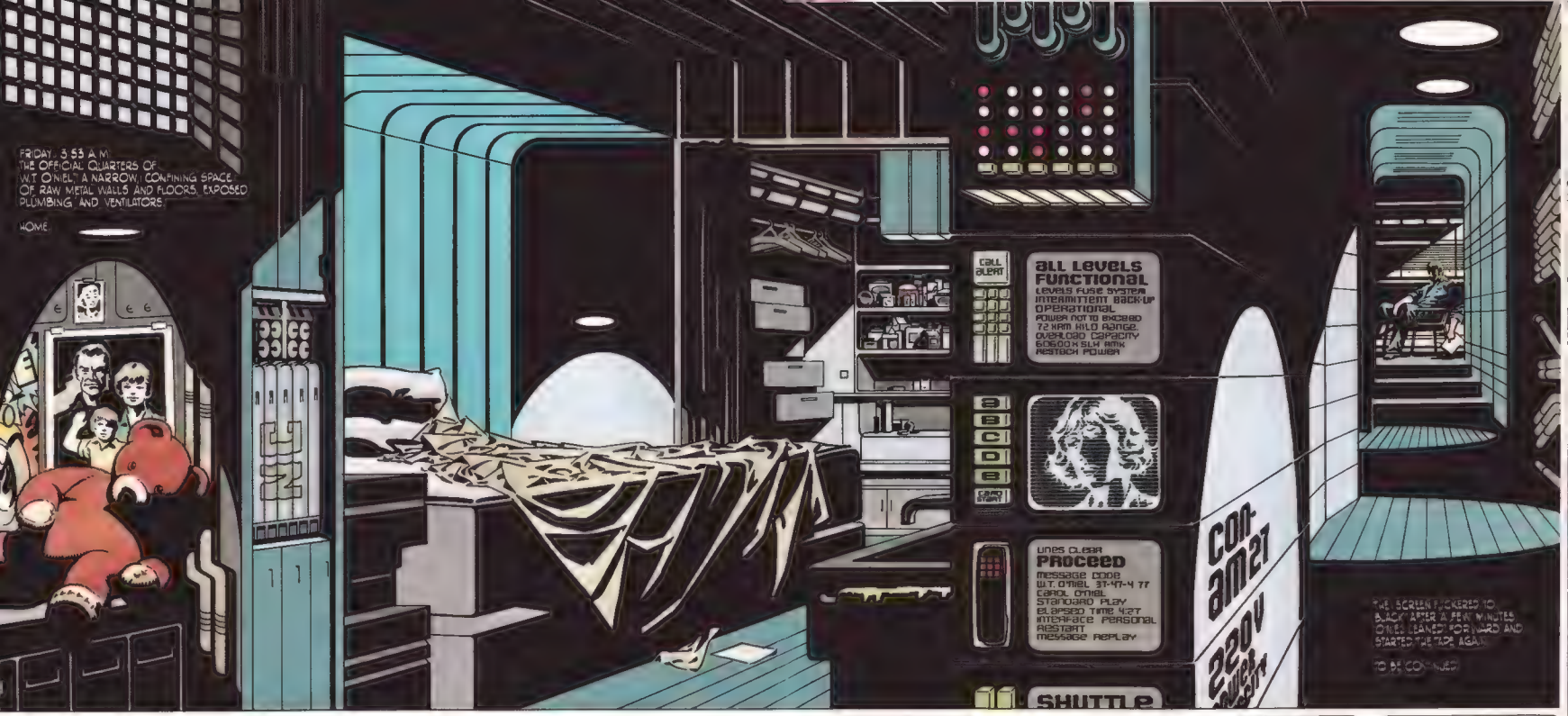
CAUTION
OXYGEN
REQUIRED
SECOND
LEVEL


PRESSURE
SUITS ONLY
DANGER
SUB ONE
NO AIR
SUB TWO


DANGER
SUB THREE
NO AIR
SUB FOUR


DANGER
SUB FIVE
NO AIR

THURSDAY! 2:10 P.M.. THE CON-AM EMERGENCY CENTER. THE END FOR SOME, THE BEGINNING FOR OTHERS..
NOTHING MUCH TO TELL, MARSHAL! SOME CUPCAKE JUST DECIDED HE DIDN'T NEED A PRESSURE SUIT! SOME MINERS TRIED TO SAVE HIM, BUT HE SEALED THE LOCK TOO FAST!
HE WAS ALONE, NOBODY WAS NEAR HIM! NOBODY MADE HIM DO IT. IT HAD TO BE SUICIDE. THERE IS NO OTHER EXPLANATION. YOU CAN'T FALL INTO AN ELEVATOR, CLOSE THE HATCH, AND DEPRESSURIZE BY ACCIDENT!
DID YOU FIND A NOTE?
A NOTE? UHHH... NO! NO NOTE, NO NOTHING!
THEN HOW COULD YOU KNOW IT WAS SUICIDE?
WHAT ELSE COULD IT BE?
NEVER MIND, MONTONE! THAT'LL BE ALL!
ARE YOU DOCTOR LAZARUS?
YES! TAKE TWO ASPIRIN, AND CALL ME TOMORROW! THAT'S A MEDICAL JOKE! YOU'RE THE NEW MARSHAL?
YES, I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU FOR A FEW MINUTES!
OK., BUT I'VE GOT AN ALIBI! FOUR PEOPLE WHO'LL SAY I WAS IN A POKER GAME!
I'VE NEVER HEARD THAT ONE BEFORE! IT'S REALLY FUNNY! NOW, HOW ABOUT HELPING ME WITH A LITTLE PROBLEM?
SINCE I'VE ARRIVED HERE, TWO MEN HAVE DIED... UNDER CIRCUMSTANCES THAT MAKE NO SENSE!
WELL, IT HAPPENS HERE! I'M NOT A PSYCHIATRIST, I DON'T KNOW WHY, MAY BE THEY JUST CAN'T TAKE IT!
BUT, ACCORDING TO THE REPORTS, YOU NEVER DID ANY AUTOPSIES. WOULD YOU TELL ME WHY NOT?
O'NIEL
IN THE FIRST PLACE, THE COMPANY WANTED THE BODIES SHIPPED QUICKLY. SECONDLY, WHEN A BODY..
IS EXPOSED TO SUB ZERO PRESSURE, THERE ISN'T MUCH LEFT TO EXAMINE. THIRDLY, YOU ARE A BIG NUISANCE!
I KNOW. I REALLY DO HATE TO INTERRUPT YOUR BUSY SCHEDULE THIS WAY, BUT I MUST START SOMEWHERE!
I'D LIKE A RECORD OF ALL THE INCIDENTS IN THE PAST SIX MONTHS LIKE THE TWO THAT HAPPENED THIS WEEK!
...AND I'D LIKE IT REAL SOON, OR I MIGHT JUST DECIDE TO KICK YOUR NASTY ASS ALL OVER THIS ROOM!
THAT'S A MARSHAL JOKE!


FRIDAY. 3:53 A.M.
THE OFFICIAL QUARTERS OF W.T. O'NIEL. A NARROW, CONFINING SPACE OF RAW METAL WALLS AND FLOORS, EXPOSED PLUMBING AND VENTILATORS.
HOME.
CALL ALERT
ALL LEVELS FUNCTIONAL
LEVELS FUSE SYSTEM INTERMITTENT BACK-UP OPERATIONAL
POWER NOT TO EXCEED 72 KMH MILD RANGE. OVERLOAD CAPACITY 60,600 K SLK RMK RESTOCK POWER
LINES CLEAR
PROCEED
MESSAGE CODE W.T. O'NIEL 37-47-4 77
CAROL O'NIEL STANDARD PLAY
ELAPSED TIME 4:27
INTERFACE PERSONAL
RESTART?
MESSAGE REPLAY
SHUTTLE
CON-AM 27
220V
THE SCREEN FLICKERED TO BLACK AFTER A FEW MINUTES O'NIEL LEANED FORWARD AND STARTED THE TAPE AGAIN.
TO BE CONTINUED

I'M TRYING TO KEEP MY COMPOSURE, BILL. I HATE THESE MESSAGES. BUT I'M SUCH A COWARD. I SIMPLY CAN'T LOOK AT YOUR FACE.

I DON'T WANT TO CHANGE MY MIND. I DO LOVE YOU, BUT I JUST CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE. WE'VE GONE OVER ALL THIS BEFORE...

MY CRYING AND YOUR ASSURANCES THAT THE NEXT ASSIGNMENT WILL BE DIFFERENT... BUT IT NEVER IS. IT CAN'T BE!

THEN SOMETHING SNAPPED YESTERDAY WHEN I WAS WATCHING PAULIE PLAY... NO FRIENDS. NO ROOM. EVER SINCE HE WAS BORN...

HE'S A LOT LIKE HIS FATHER, HE NEVER COMPLAINS... NOT LIKE HIS MOTHER. GOD ONLY KNOWS! HE DESERVES A REAL CHILDHOOD, BILL.

HE'S A CHILD WHO SPENDS HIS DAYS LOOKING AT HIS BOOKS ABOUT EARTH...AND HIDING THEM SO THAT YOUR FEELINGS WON'T GET HURT

YOU THINK IT'S WORTH IT, TO GO ANYWHERE TO KEEP THE GOOD OLD PEACE, BUT IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME. I JUST DON'T HAVE YOUR FAITH.

SO... SO I'M TAKING PAULIE BACK HOME ON THE SHUTTLE. YOU DON'T DESERVE THIS, BUT I HAVE TO GO, MY LOVE I'LL CONTACT YOU SOON..

THE IMMORTALS' FETE

Last we saw, the news of the man who fell from the sky was out. Horus, the god of Hierakonopolis, found Alcide Nikopol, the mysterious visitor in a subway station in Paris. Since he'd lost a leg in the fall, Horus transplanted a piece of the subway track, which with some exercise and a lotta swearing Nikopol was able to maneuver. Little did he suspect that Horus was not tending to him out of the goodness of his heart, but in order to take possession of his body

EVERYTHING IS SET, GENERAL THE GOVERNOR'S ARMCHAIR WILL EXPLODE THIS EVENING AT PRECISELY 21 HOURS ABOUT HALFWAY THROUGH .
VERY GOOD, MY FRIEND, VERY GOOD... WILL IT BE SAFE FOR ME? I'LL BE THERE TONIGHT, TOO!
REST ASSURED, GENERAL IT'S NOT AN ACTUAL EXPLOSIVE! I WAS ABLE TO GET SOME FOMALHAUT SEAWEED FROM ONE OF THE FERRYMEN AT THE ASTROPORT... A SIMPLE ELECTRIC SPARK IS ENOUGH TO MAKE THIS TOXIC STUFF ALIVE WITH ENERGY
GOOD
MY MEN WILL ALSO BE READY TONIGHT THE POWER WILL CHANGE HANDS. THIS CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION! HOW ABOUT A COGNAC?
HE IS REALLY VERY IMPORTANT TO MY PLANS, BUT GOD, IS HE UGLY
NO, THANK YOU. NEVER TOUCH THE STUFF
AMT
I'LL HAVE TO FIND SOME OTHER CLOTHES QUICKLY... THIS SPACE SUIT IS A BIT TOO CONSPICUOUS.
JESUS, HOW PARIS HAS CHANGED!
AS IS NORMAL, AFTER THIRTY YEARS AND TWO NUCLEAR WARS...
BUT IT'S ALL THE SAME. THIS IS SO STRANGE..

MEANWHILE, IN THE BATHROOM AT THE ELYSÉE.

THAT CURIOUS TELEPATH OF YOURS DEFINITELY DOESN'T LIKE ME. BUT ODDLY ENOUGH, HE IS THE ONE WHO SAVED MY LIFE.
TSS, TSS. CALM DOWN, GOGOL, CALM DOWN!
HEYYY!
YES...NOT A BRAIN IN HIS HEAD, BUT WHAT A FINE EAR! THANKS TO HIM, THE PLOT THIS EVENING WILL BE CARRIED OUT PERFECTLY. THE SECURITY SERVICE IS IN OPERATION AT THIS VERY MOMENT. I'LL BE IN CHARGE OF THE OPERATION, OF COURSE.
CALM DOWN, GOGOL.
EVEN SO, I DIDN'T EXPECT THAT FROM VERTEGOUTTE..
OH, THAT BASTARD!
GOGOL!
SUPERMARC
MIGHT AS WELL JOIN THIS GROTESQUE FUNERAL PROCESSION. LOOK AT THESE PEOPLE! I'LL SURELY BE ABLE TO FIND SOMETHING TO WEAR FROM ONE OF THESE MORTALS
IT GETS WORSE AND WORSE THE SUPERMARKET WHERE I USED TO SHOP HAS BECOME A CEMETERY.
HMM, THIS FELLOW IN FRONT SHOULD DO THE TRICK..HE IS JUST ABOUT THE SAME SIZE...
I'M WARNING YOU—I DETEST USING VIOLENCE!
A BAS IL CHOUBLANQUISME FASCISTIQUE
YOU'LL DO WHAT I DICTATE AT THE MOMENT THAT I DICTATE IT! DON'T FORGET, NIKOPOL, I'VE THE POWER TO DISCONNECT YOUR CEREBRAL CELLS AT ANY TIME.
YOU ARE DISGUSTING!
I KNOW..
23

SO, HE'S LEAVING
OF COURSE.. I'VE JUST ORDERED HIM TO
ALLEE 1
ELECT
I SENSE THAT YOU'RE NERVOUS, NIKOPOL... YOU'RE AFRAID OF ME, AREN'T YOU?
I DON'T APPRECIATE YOUR POWERS OR YOUR MANNERS.. AND I DON'T PARTICULARLY RELISH THE FACT THAT YOU'RE INSIDE OF ME
MOREOVER, THE GUY WHOSE CLOTHES WE STOLE WAS COVERED WITH RED BLOTCHES I DON'T WANT TO BE HIT WITH AN INCURABLE DISEASE
I BEG OF YOU. IT'S ABSOLUTELY NATURAL TO
THANK YOU, MY GOOD MAN!
YOU SEE, NIKOPOL, DONE AMICABLY WITHOUT VIOLENCE OR A DROP OF BLOOD..
DID YOU HYPNOTIZE HIM?
IN A WAY

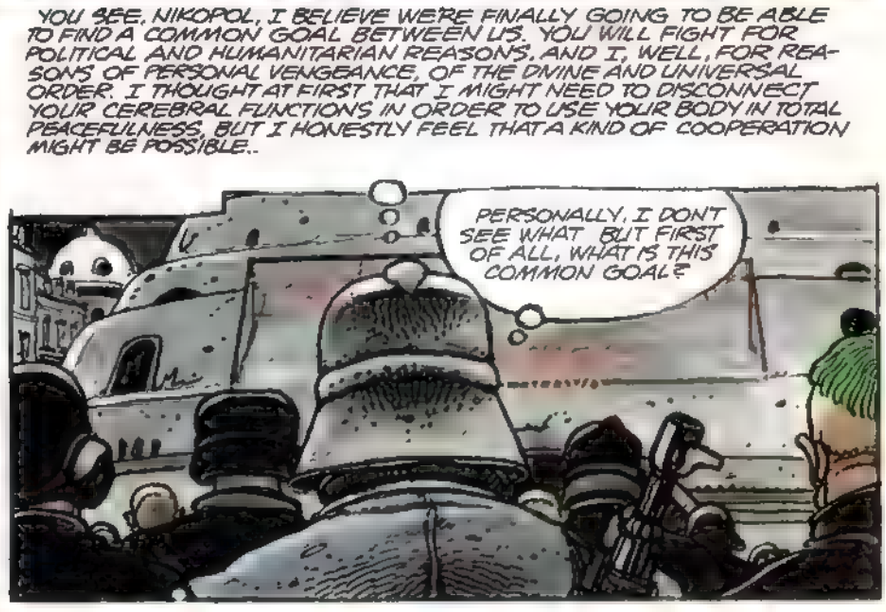
YOU ARE VERY CHILDISH, MY POOR FRIEND.
PUT YOURSELF IN MY PLACE
AH, YOU'VE FINALLY RETURNED, MR NIKOPOL
!?!
?
CLEMENTINE!!! GOOD GOD, MY LITTLE CLEMENTINE. HERE IN THIS TOMB? DEAD?
HE'S GONE CRAZY!
CLEMENTINE MORGANIDON 1968 - 2021
YOU'RE UPSET, NIKOPOL COME ON LET'S GO.
HE'S BEEN THERE TO WATCH OVER THE TOMB OF YOUR MOTHER A TWO-MONTH ABSENCE IS A LONG TIME, MY BOY
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? I ..
CALM DOWN, DON'T TROUBLE YOURSELF! DID YOU KNOW CLEMENTINE MORGANIDON?
CLEMENTINE!
IT'S ALL VERY SIMPLE! REMEMBER, NIKOPOL... YOU WERE TO MARRY CLEMENTINE JUST BEFORE THE MILITARY TRIBUNAL CONDEMNED YOU TO A LIFE IN SPACE ..
I REMEMBER WE LOVED EACH OTHER, MY CLEMENTINE AND I
BUT APPARENTLY WHAT YOU DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT SHE WAS PREGNANT WHEN YOU LEFT. SO, THAT WOMAN HAS MISTAKEN YOU FOR YOUR OWN SON.
ERIE
ERDRE
REINCARNATIONS GREFFES
MESSES
I HAVE A SON AND CLEMENTINE IS DEAD.
YES, DEAD AT FIFTY-THREE, AND SHE LEFT YOU A SON WHO CARRIES THE SAME NAME AS YOU AND IS APPROXIMATELY YOUR AGE
OEUFS DURS
MENKAR IDIZIE
25

THE NIGHTS FALL VERY QUICKLY, AS THEY HAVE BEEN DOING EVERY MONTH OF MARCH FOR THE LAST FEW YEARS. A SAD AND PAINFUL NIGHT, ACCOMPANIED BY A STRANGE SHOWER OF GREENISH SNOW. THE DISORDER OF ALCIDE NIKOPOL WAS DEEPER THAN EVER.
HERE'S THE BORDER POST. BEYOND IT IS THE FIRST WARD.. THE WARD OF PRIVILEGE AND LEGALITY.
I DON'T CARE
I DO, NIKOPOL. I DO
POSTE
IV
MONTPARN
WE'RE GOING TO GET RID OF THE SENTINEL QUICKLY, THEN WE'LL SET UP THE RECORDING COMPUTER AND THE DISINTEGRATING MACHINE.
BUT WHY
LIKE THAT?
PERFECT!
AAAH!!!
PAPERS! MAGNETIC PASS CARD.
OF COURSE!
LOOK HIM STRAIGHT IN THE EYES, NIKOPOL
CONTROL
MONTPAR
26

LET'S GO, NIKOPOL . THE ONLY THINGS LEFT TO DO ARE TO EXPLODE THE DISINTEGRATOR AND GET A MILITARY UNIFORM
DISINTEGRATORS
ENOUGH! I HAVE A HEADACHE AND MY EYES ARE ACHING .
ARE YOU BETTER?
HOW MANY TIMES A DAY AM I GOING TO HAVE TO CHANGE CLOTHES LIKE THIS?
AS MANY TIMES AS WE HAVE TO... FOR THE TIME BEING WE'LL FOLLOW THE CROWD IN THE DIRECTION OF THE TEMPLE OF SPORTS AND CONGRESS
OH, GOOD.
SO THAT'S THE PRIVILEGED ELITE OF THE FIRST WARD?
YES ALL OF PARIS, IN A WAY YOU HAVE UNDOUBTEDLY NOTICED THE ABSENCE OF WOMEN IN THIS SWARMING CARNIVAL... MOST OF THOSE OF A REPRODUCING AGE ARE ASSIGNED TO AN OFFICE IN THE BIRTH CENTER OF ST. SAVIOR, A KIND OF GIGANTIC SUBTERRANEAN CLINIC, SUSPICIOUSLY ANTISEPTIC, WHICH BOASTS A WAY TO ACCELERATE THE PROCESS OF BIRTH THE PROGRAMMING PROVIDES SOMETHING LIKE 80 PERCENT MALE CHILDREN ALL DESTINED FOR THE GOVERNMENTAL ARMIES YOUR RACE IS OF A RARE STUPIDITY AND DISTRESSING SEXISM, NIKOPOL .
BAH AND SO, OUR AGE-OLD DEFECTS HAVE ONLY BECOME MORE OBVIOUS
27

YES, UP TO A POINT!.. THESE CHOUBLANCIST SLOGANS, HOWEVER, PERFECTLY DEFINE THE SITUATION OF YOUR POOR CITY...
MMM...THIS CHOUBLANC IS NOTHING NEW! HE HAS LIFTED THE MOTTOS OF MUSSOLINI WORD FOR WORD.
MUSSOLINI?
Tout est dans l'Etat. Rien d'humain ou de spirituel n'est en dehors de l'Etat.
La guerre est à l'homme ce que la maternité est à la femme.

YES.. A DICTATOR FROM THE LAST CENTURY.. I STILL REMEMBER THE COLLEGE COURSE I TOOK—"THE RISE OF FASCISM IN ITALY." COMPLETELY FAILED IT


YOU SEE, NIKOPOL, I BELIEVE WE'RE FINALLY GOING TO BE ABLE TO FIND A COMMON GOAL BETWEEN US. YOU WILL FIGHT FOR POLITICAL AND HUMANITARIAN REASONS. AND I, WELL, FOR REASONS OF PERSONAL VENGEANCE, OF THE DIVINE AND UNIVERSAL ORDER. I THOUGHT AT FIRST THAT I MIGHT NEED TO DISCONNECT YOUR CEREBRAL FUNCTIONS IN ORDER TO USE YOUR BODY IN TOTAL PEACEFULNESS, BUT I HONESTLY FEEL THAT A KIND OF COOPERATION MIGHT BE POSSIBLE..
PERSONALLY, I DON'T SEE WHAT BUT FIRST OF ALL, WHAT IS THIS COMMON GOAL?

THE TAKING OVER OF THE GOVERNMENT IN PARIS AT THE NEXT ELECTIONS AND EVEN BEFORE, IF POSSIBLE.. PERHAPS FROM THIS EVENING... OR .
ARE YOU JOKING?
NO. AND IT'S HERE THAT THE FIRST ACT DEBUTS...
28

TO BE CONTINUED..

EARLY IN THE 21 CENTURY, IN A MINING COLONY ON THE SECOND MOON OF JUPITER, "SOMEONE IS GETTING AWAY WITH MURDER."

OUTLAND

SPECTACULARLY RECREATED IN **THE MOVIE NOVEL**™

OUTLAND: EVEN IN SPACE, THE ULTIMATE ENEMY IS MAN.
Io, innermost moon of Jupiter... An unforgiving world, a hellhole in space that broils by day and freezes by night under the malignant eye of the Great Red Spot... An outland of the space-age frontier where men mine ore for the needs of Earth.

Like the men of the old frontier, the miners of Con-Am 27 are hard men, loners who work and play at a brutal pace. But now, frenzied by some sinister force, they are killing one another and themselves...

To the outland of Io comes a new marshal, a man driven by honor and haunted by failure. A man who will stand alone and forfeit, if he must, love, livelihood, and even life itself, to confront and conquer the evil that is engulfing Io.

And so, as it did in Dodge City centuries ago, a classic showdown develops...

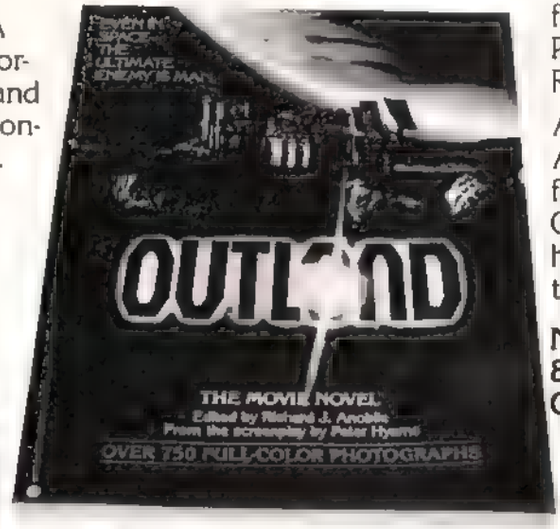
OUTLAND: A Sensational $12 Million Film is produced by the Ladd Company, whose executives masterminded the production and extraordinary success of ALIEN and STAR WARS.

The film stars Sean Connery and Peter Boyle, and is both written and directed by Peter Hyams, who lists among his other credits as writer/director "Capricorn One," "Hanover Street," and "Busting." It is produced for the Ladd Company by Richard A. Roth, producer of "Summer of '42."

OUTLAND boasts some of the most spectacular and sophisticated special effects ever to appear on the screen. It is filmed in Introvision, an exciting new technique of electronic matting that projects actors onto miniature sets with superrealism. The set of the Jovian mining colony took 80 workers more than three months to complete, and has been described by the *Los Angeles Times* as "mesmerizing."

OUTLAND: A Spectacular Movie Novel From the Editor of the Bestselling "Alien" Movie Novel.
Combining the stunning visuals of the movie with the riveting storyline of the novel, this original Warner trade paperback recreates the total OUTLAND experience with more than 1,000 full-color photos from the movie, edited from the Peter Hyams script and narrated by Richard J. Anobile.

Anobile's earlier movie novel of ALIEN became a classic in the field. Now his movie novel of OUTLAND is positioned to surpass his first great success, tieing in with the science-fiction event of 1981.



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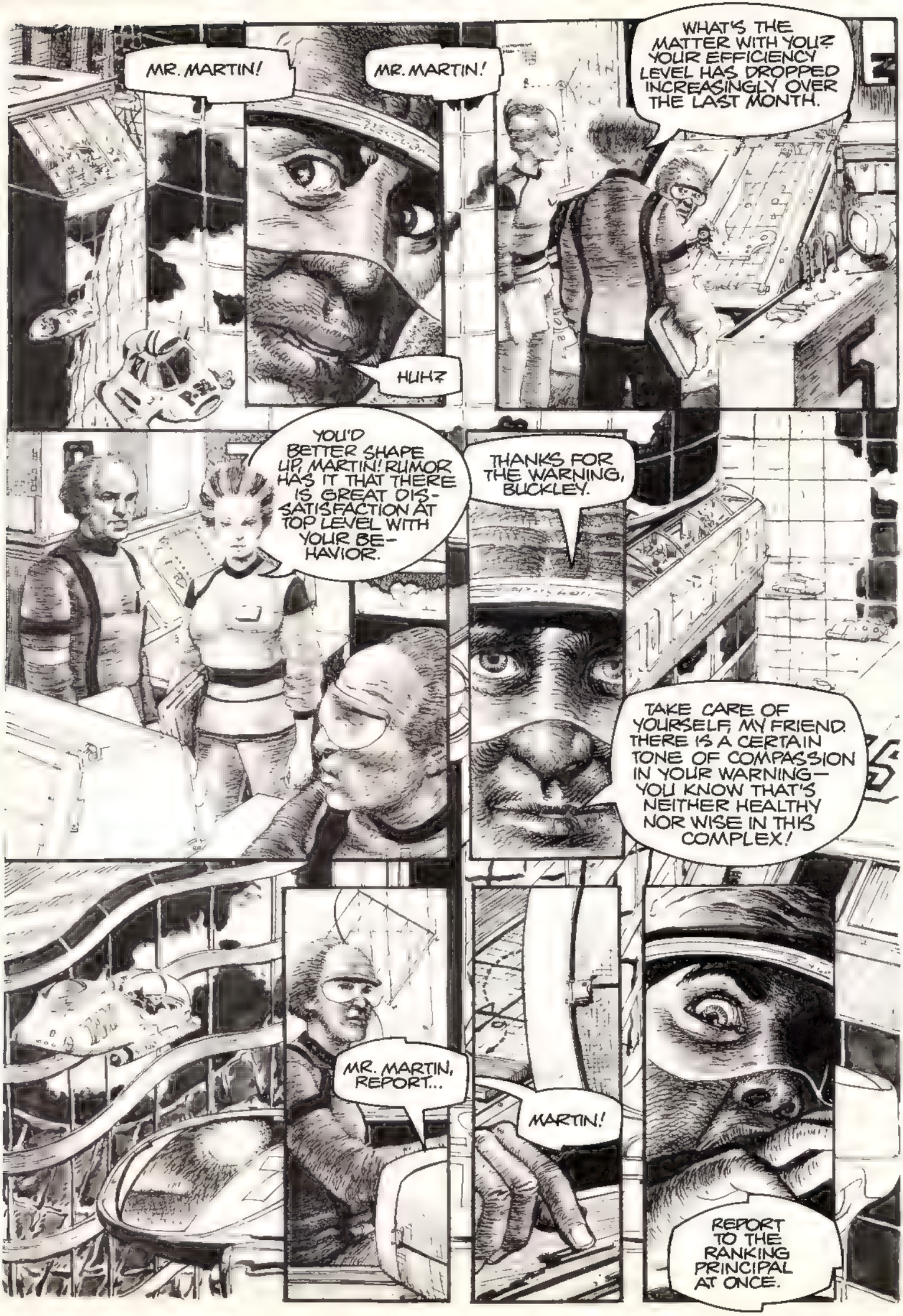
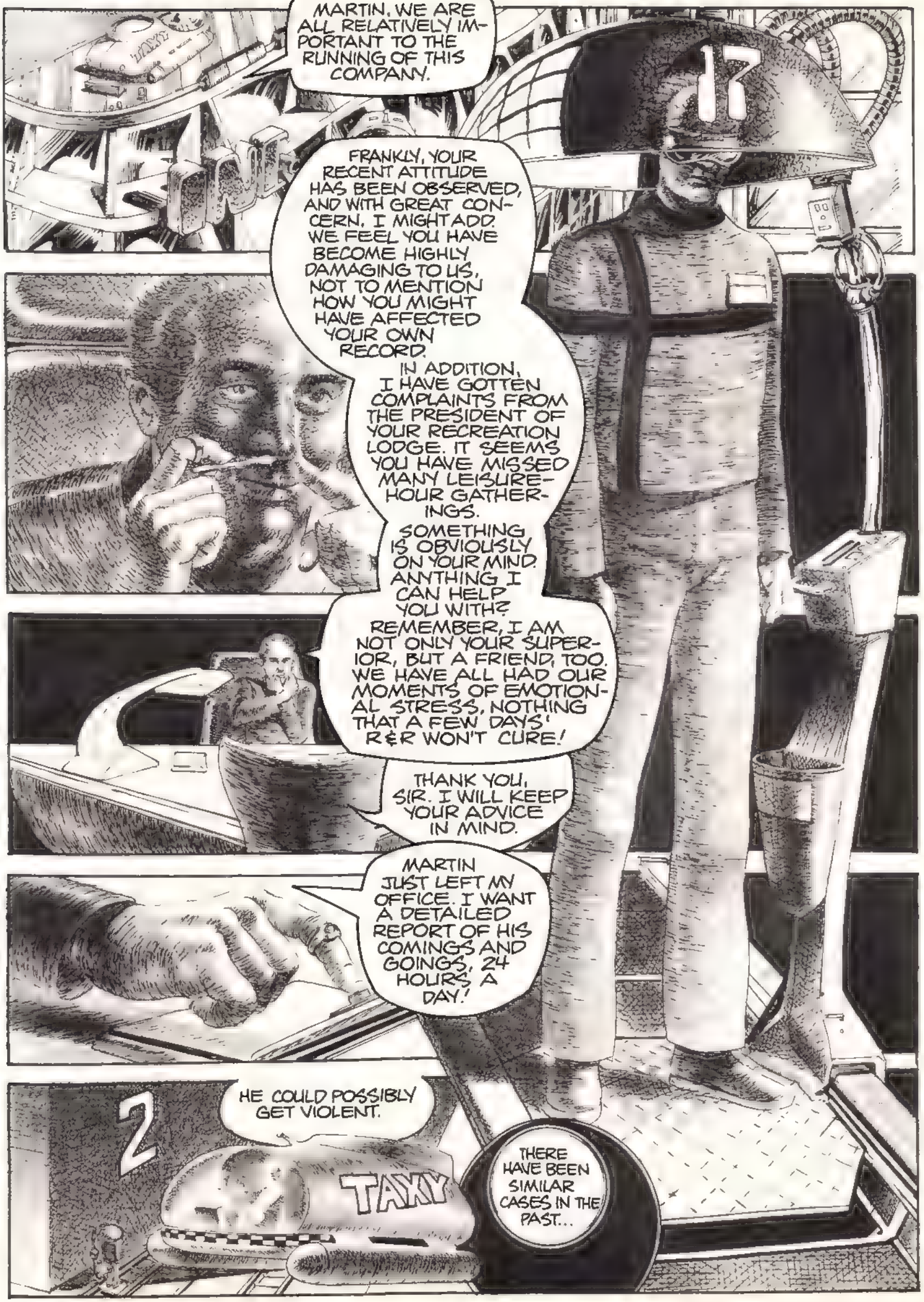
MAN IS A SOCIAL BEING, MR. MARTIN, AND AS SUCH, HE HAS UNAVOIDABLE OBLIGATIONS TO PERFORM FOR THE SOCIETY THAT HE HAS CHOSEN FOR HIS HOME.
P-31
AND BESIDES, THINGS CAN BE MADE VERY UNPLEASANT FOR YOU, MR. MARTIN.
P-31
PARADISE

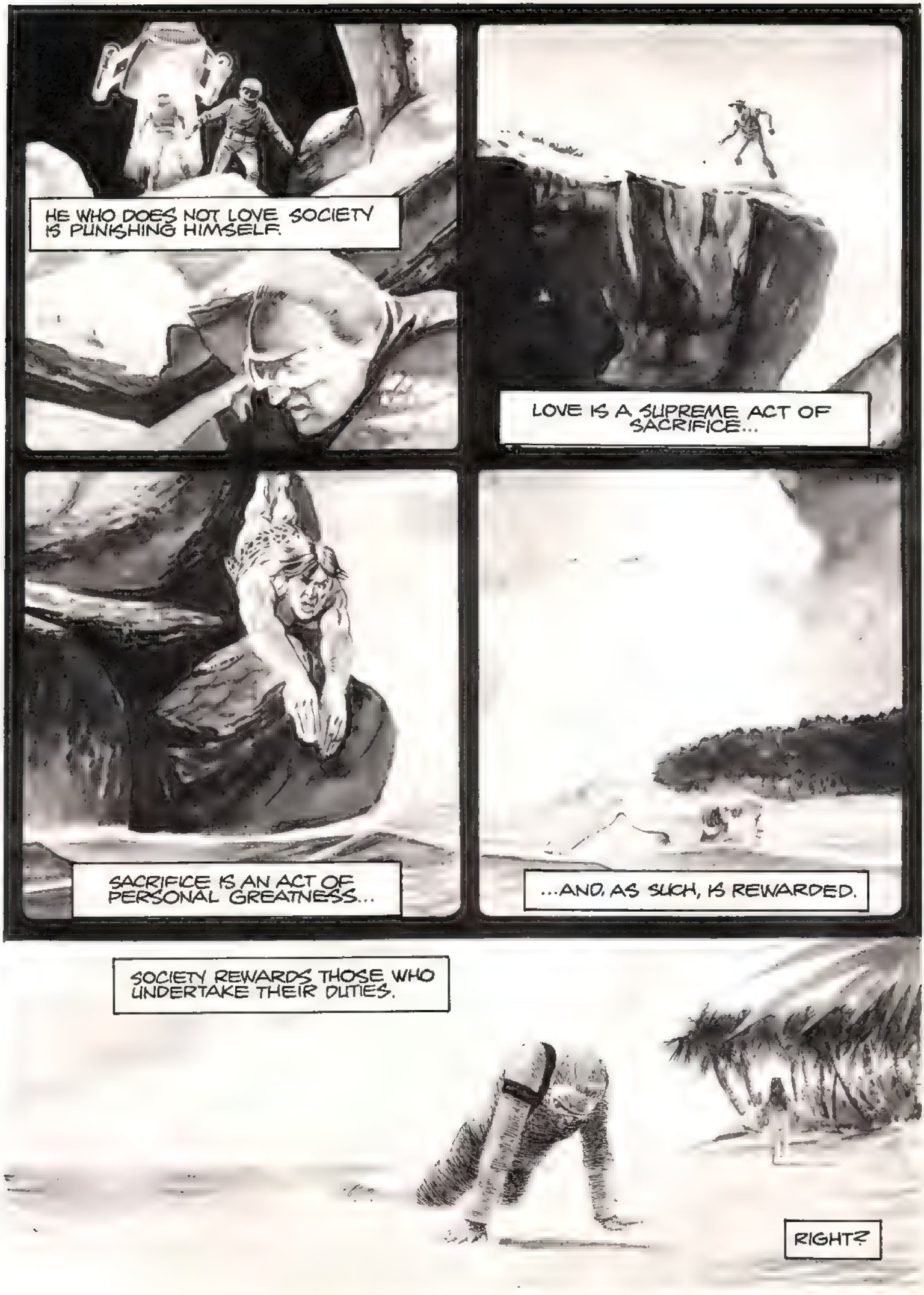

MR. MARTIN!
MR. MARTIN!
HUH?
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? YOUR EFFICIENCY LEVEL HAS DROPPED INCREASINGLY OVER THE LAST MONTH.
YOU'D BETTER SHAPE UP, MARTIN! RUMOR HAS IT THAT THERE IS GREAT DISSATISFACTION AT TOP LEVEL WITH YOUR BEHAVIOR.
THANKS FOR THE WARNING, BUCKLEY.
TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, MY FRIEND. THERE IS A CERTAIN TONE OF COMPASSION IN YOUR WARNING— YOU KNOW THAT'S NEITHER HEALTHY NOR WISE IN THIS COMPLEX!
MR. MARTIN, REPORT...
MARTIN!
REPORT TO THE RANKING PRINCIPAL AT ONCE.

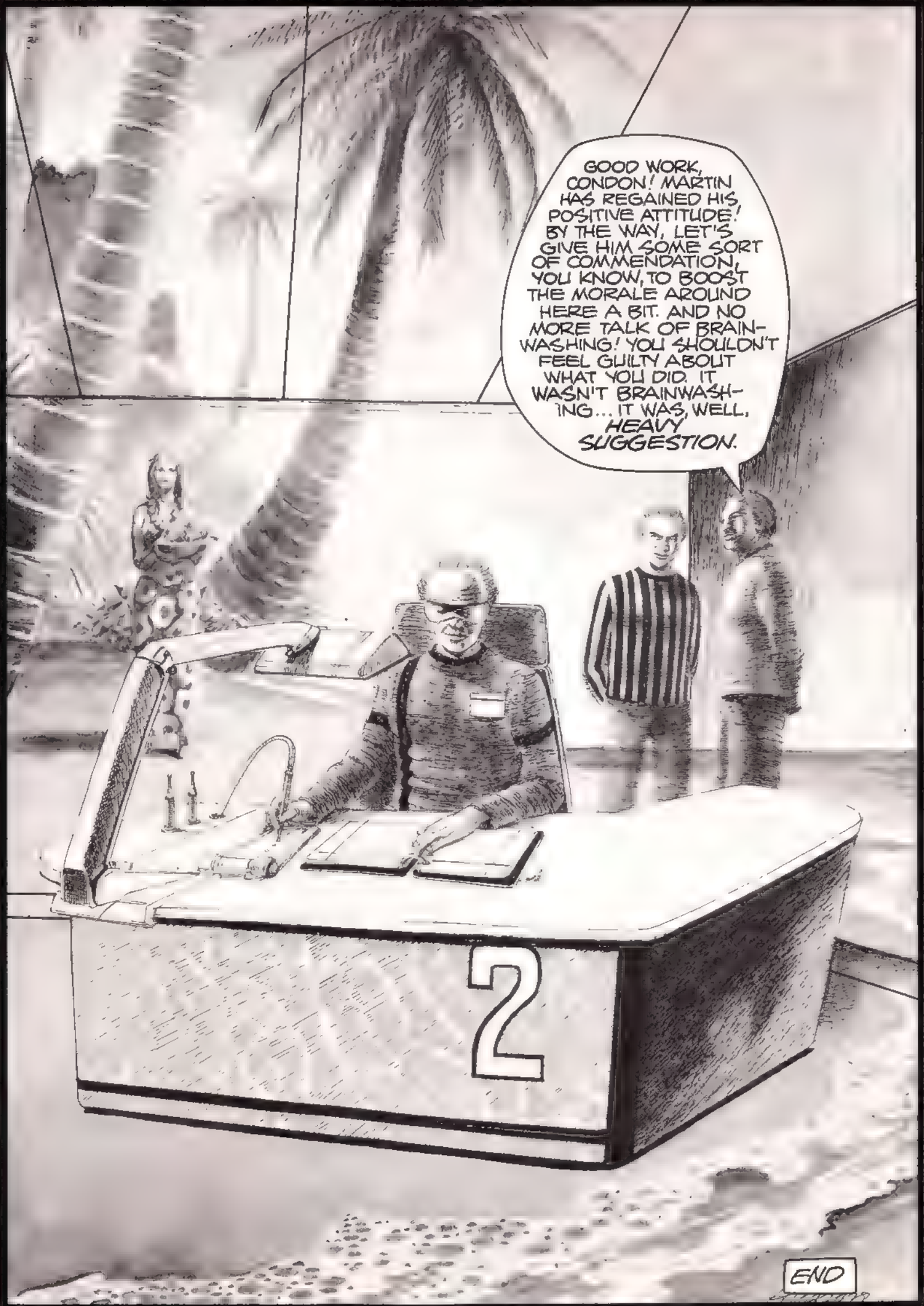

MARTIN, WE ARE ALL RELATIVELY IMPORTANT TO THE RUNNING OF THIS COMPANY.
FRANKLY, YOUR RECENT ATTITUDE HAS BEEN OBSERVED, AND WITH GREAT CONCERN, I MIGHT ADD. WE FEEL YOU HAVE BECOME HIGHLY DAMAGING TO US, NOT TO MENTION HOW YOU MIGHT HAVE AFFECTED YOUR OWN RECORD.
IN ADDITION, I HAVE GOTTEN COMPLAINTS FROM THE PRESIDENT OF YOUR RECREATION LODGE. IT SEEMS YOU HAVE MISSED MANY LEISURE-HOUR GATHERINGS.
SOMETHING IS OBVIOUSLY ON YOUR MIND. ANYTHING I CAN HELP YOU WITH?
REMEMBER, I AM NOT ONLY YOUR SUPERIOR, BUT A FRIEND, TOO. WE HAVE ALL HAD OUR MOMENTS OF EMOTIONAL STRESS, NOTHING THAT A FEW DAYS' R&R WON'T CURE!
THANK YOU, SIR. I WILL KEEP YOUR ADVICE IN MIND.
MARTIN JUST LEFT MY OFFICE. I WANT A DETAILED REPORT OF HIS COMINGS AND GOINGS, 24 HOURS A DAY!
HE COULD POSSIBLY GET VIOLENT.
TAXY
THERE HAVE BEEN SIMILAR CASES IN THE PAST...

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE RUN AWAY FROM THE COMPLEX, MR. MARTIN.
FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY, GET BACK BEFORE YOU SUFFER AN ACCIDENT—WHICH JUST MIGHT NOT BE THAT ACCIDENTAL!
P-3
THERE YOU ARE! IT'S GOOD WE FOUND YOU.
DON'T WORRY, MARTIN. WE'RE HERE TO HELP YOU.
SOON ALL OF THIS WILL BE NO MORE THAN A HAPPILY ENDED NIGHTMARE THAT GOT A LITTLE TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!

IT IS FOR YOUR OWN BENEFIT. YOU WILL THANK US ONE DAY.
EVERY SOCIETY HAS A SET OF RULES WHICH ARE APPLICABLE TO EACH AND EVERY MEMBER.
THE UNDERTAKING OF THESE DUTIES IS A MORAL, MOREOVER A PATRIOTIC, OBLIGATION!...
...AND MORALITY IS A DUTY UNTO ONESELF.

AS IS LOVE.
IT IS A MORAL DUTY.
HE WHO LOVES SOCIETY LOVES HIMSELF.
IN TURN, SOCIETY LOVES THOSE WHO LOVE SOCIETY.
INSURING THOSE AROUND YOU IS LOVING YOURSELF.


HE WHO DOES NOT LOVE SOCIETY IS PUNISHING HIMSELF.
LOVE IS A SUPREME ACT OF SACRIFICE...
SACRIFICE IS AN ACT OF PERSONAL GREATNESS...
...AND, AS SUCH, IS REWARDED.
SOCIETY REWARDS THOSE WHO UNDERTAKE THEIR DUTIES.
RIGHT?


GOOD WORK, CONDON! MARTIN HAS REGAINED HIS POSITIVE ATTITUDE! BY THE WAY, LET'S GIVE HIM SOME SORT OF COMMENDATION, YOU KNOW, TO BOOST THE MORALE AROUND HERE A BIT. AND NO MORE TALK OF BRAIN-WASHING! YOU SHOULDN'T FEEL GUILTY ABOUT WHAT YOU DID. IT WASN'T BRAINWASH-ING... IT WAS, WELL, HEAVY SUGGESTION.
2
END

She can be found in HEAVY METAL magazine

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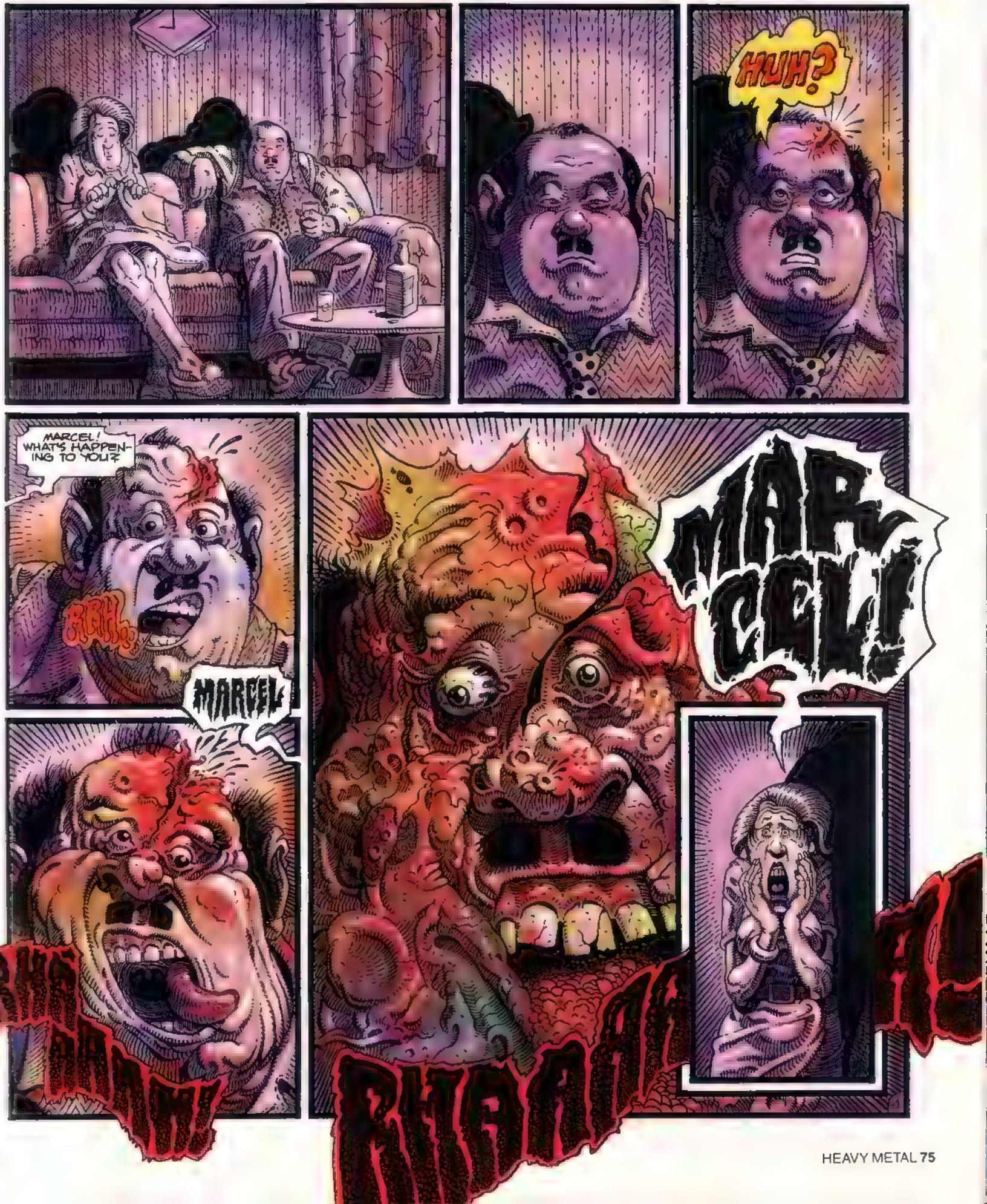
WHOODOO THE VOODOO? BY CAZA



MARCEL, MY MARCEL!
HELP!
QUICK! OPEN THE DOOR!
BAM BAM BAM!
YES?
COME QUICK! MY HUSBAND! IT'S AWFUL!
HE ALWAYS LOOKS AWFUL. YOU'VE JUST NOW NOTICED IT?
UH
QUICKLY
ARGH
OH MY GOD!
UGH!
MARCEL!

GARGLE
GARGLE
GOOD. LET ME GET A HANDLE ON THIS SITUATION.
BURP
HELLOPOLICEHELPFIREMENADOC-TORANAMBULANCEAPRIESTTELE-VISIONALLOFTHATQUICKLYTHANK-YOUDING!
THERE, NOW. DON'T WORRY ABOUT A THING. THOSE COM-PETENT MEN IN BLUE WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!
I'M GOING NOW.
THANK YOU, THANK YOU.
3

HAH I NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD WORK!
WOOOO
NEVERTHELESS, ONE SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH THIS STUFF...
IT COULD BE DANGEROUS.
AND THEN, MOST IMPORTANT, IT'S EVIL.
DID YOU TAKE HIS TEMPERATURE?
NO. I...
SAY "AAHH"
ARGH
MARCELLLL!
WHOOSH
CAZA '77

National Lampoon Battles Inflation by Giving You More Movies for Your Money!

- Lots of complete films for the price of one!
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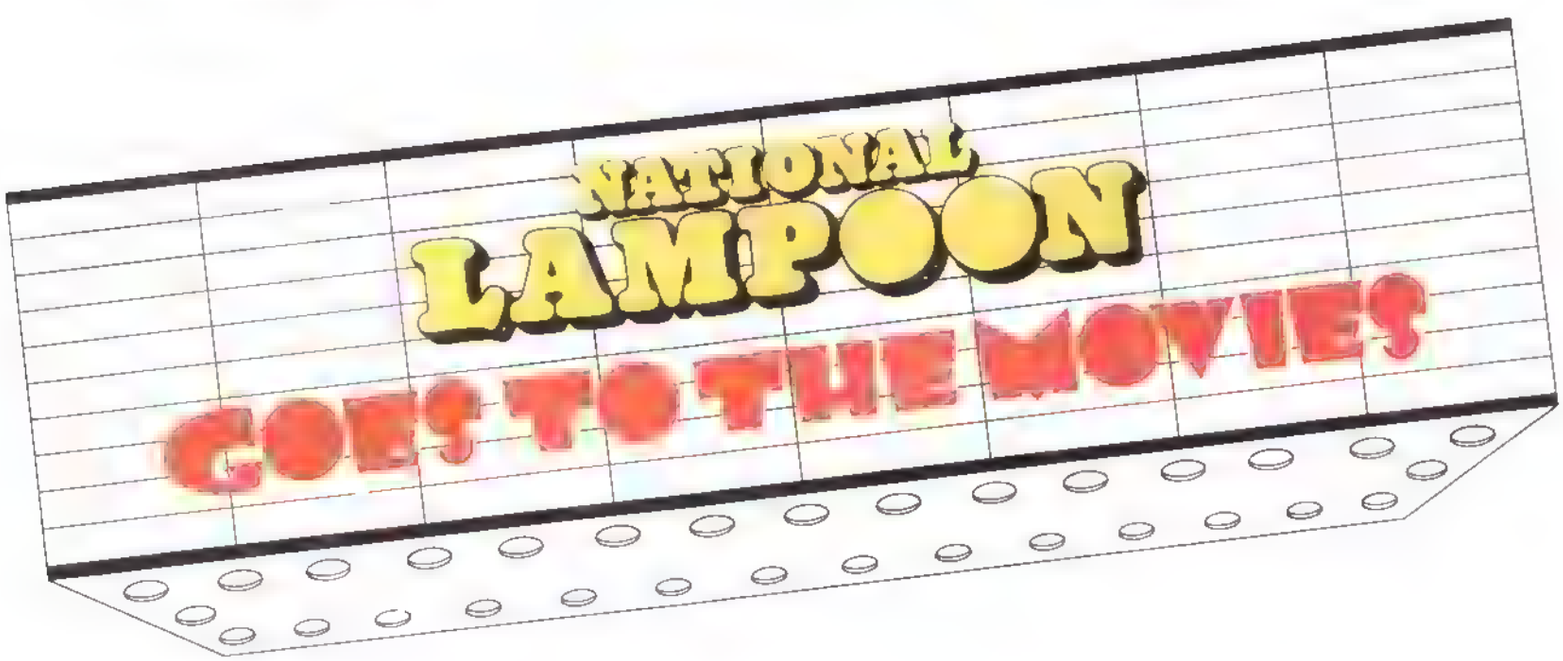
  Satirical barbs! Sexy scenes! Clever plot twists!
  Dirty language!



Our first film since Animal House

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DOSSIER: Ri''vyu'əd

Fly Me, I'm Superman

The lively, good-hearted silliness and adventures of comic books' caped crusader get more high-tech flashy as Superman/Clark Kent endlessly pursues the code of truth, justice, and the American way. The zooming opening credits of *Superman II* recap the man of steel's high-altitude rescues—earthquakes, rockets, tidal waves—of the original. The travelogue segments of Lois Lane flying around on Superman's arm to John Williams's majestic theme music still send chills up and down the spine; and the feats of flight have been more optically refined, making them all the more joyous and stirring.

New to Part Two is Superman's multilevel identity crisis and its effect on his sex life and ability to protect humans from the forces of evil. His archenemies from Krypton, planet of his birth, are unleashed from phantom-zone imprisonment when a hydrogen bomb that Superman retrieves from terrorists holding the Eiffel Tower explodes in deep space. While an outer-space gang of three, who can fly and who possess our superhero's fantastic powers of heat vision and ice breath, wreak havoc and world domination on Earth, Superman/Clark Kent and Lois Lane are busy falling in love. After a trip to Niagara Falls to investigate a honeymoon racket, they consummate their desire at his place up north: the Fortress of Solitude.

This is where things get tricky and sticky. General Zod (rhymes with God and is played with camp menace by Terence Stamp), his faithful dominatrix Ursa (done up in S&M black leather and silk), and Non (the enormous Jack O'Halloran) set helicopters on fire with the blink of an eye, levitate guns, and bring the president of the U.S. of A. (none other than E. G. Marshall in a toupee) to his knees when they cut off the dome of the White House. Horrors.

©1980 DC Comics Inc

In order to spend the night with lady Lois, Superman dips into a chamber to decompress his super prowess and become mortal. For this she goes to bed with him in a big silver cradle during what has to be the most wholesome sex scene in a movie since *A Date with Judy*.

But, whoops, without his powers, Superman is a yuckier clod than mild-mannered Clark Kent. Christopher Reeve invests his split personality with terrific tongue-in-cheek humor. Gutsy, hyperactive Lois Lane, caricatured by Margot Kidder as a petulantly horny news hen, keeps the secret of Clark Kent's true identity to herself. All the while she continually razzes him at the *Daily Planet* office, including one demand to bring her a hamburger with everything on it.

Could fearless reporter Lois Lane be preggers by Superman/Clark Kent? The hot-and-heavy outcome may be unveiled in *Superman III*, already in the works.

But back to the conclusion of Part Two. Superman retires to celibacy and his duty to use his precious superbodily fluids to save earthlings. A three-against-one showdown of the Kryptonites builds to a demolition-derby climax in the streets and skies of midtown Manhattan, with cars, buses, and people hurled back and forth, up and down. Zod, Ursa, and Non get their final comeuppance at the Fortress of Solitude (they got Superman's address from warped criminal genius Lex Luthor) when he zaps them with rays from the molecular decompression unit.

The unholy trinity are flushed into the cosmic void with the hint they'll be back for more confrontations between the ultimates in good and evil. Not to mention more irresistible comic-book treachery and wizardly special effects constructed from superb state-of-the-art laser, holograph, and microelectronic technology.

—Daphne Davis

An Intergalactic Michelin

Let's play pretend. We'll get on a spaceship, visit planets we've never even heard of, and meet people just like you and me. All we gotta do to get around is pick up a copy of the new *Tour of the Universe* book, by Malcolm Edwards and Robert Holdstock (Mayflower Books, $11.95).

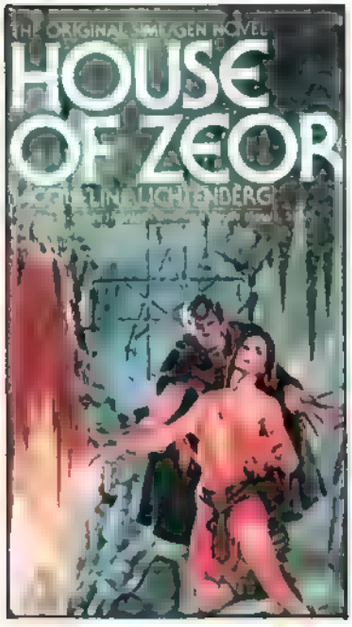
This intergalactic Michelin—of sorts—is jam-packed with the *whos*, *whys*, and *wheres* of space travel. What space shuttle do you take to Starport Ganymede? *Just use the Starport Ferry Services.* Where exactly is the Black Hole Casino? *It's part of the Dream Dome Starset Strip complex.* And so on.

So grab your Pan Galactic Startour tickets, your Earthport transit cards, and this handy book, and you're set to go. What the hell? The burgers are only a couple of g.c.'s apiece.

But don't forget those water-purification pills. No one has ever reported a case of Montezuma's Revenge while visiting Orionis Delta, but there's always a first time.

—Julie Simmons-Lynch

Consumer Sexism



Makes my skin crawl, real nervouslike, reading—well, perusing—books like Jacqueline Lichtenberg's *House of Zeor* or *Unto Zeor Forever* (Playboy Paperbacks), part of her Sime/Gen universe series. Just thinking about the crop of new female sf writers blowing the chance to lead a foray for literate sf gets me nuts. Instead they are doing exactly what they have accused male sf writers of doing—trashing out the same venal, adolescent sex/power fantasies rampant in turgid, mundane sf that turns my stomach. Whether or not one reads it, the fact that a book like the Jessica Salmonson–edited *Amazons* (DAW) could ever exist appalls me, but its premise, which actually glorifies female chauvinism of a vengeful sort, is even more dreadful. When I see mediocre horse-opera material (mixed with a dose of medievalisms), such as Lichtenberg's, being published in the guise of sf, I cringe anyhow; but when it's coupled with prose similar to that of *Love's Plunging Neckline*, I'm aghast. Is this woman and others of her ilk—and lately there have been many of this kind of books out—that cynical toward her audience? It's enough to make you ashamed of reading sf.

—Brad Balfour

New Musics

Photograph William Coupon

Steve Strange, lead singer of Visage.

You gotta give it to 'em—those English rockers *do* take their posing seriously. Not that image contrivance is new to rock, but a lot of Limeys merge art and artifice into a form indistinguishable from its parts. Though motivated by teenage exhibitionism, skillful hands can elevate empty theatrics into a multimedia form of conceptual/performance art. But hell, it's still only rock 'n' roll.

The latest bunch of fops to flit across the Atlantic sports such handles as "The New Romantics," "Le Beau Monde," or (my fave) "The Cult With No Name" (really pins it down, eh?). In London clubs like Billy's, Blitz, and Hell these guys work on their looks, while the press, as usual, snorts it up with both nostrils. Hilarious stuff, really: kilts and capes in the case of Spandau Ballet; pirate outfits and war paint for Adam And The Ants; everything from clown costumes to Valentino hand-me-downs for Visage's Steve Strange.

But what's beyond the look? Spandau Ballet's *Journey to Glory* (Chrysalis) will likely bore the crease off your trousers with a close listen. Rhythmically rigid in its march/disco lockstep, emotionally barren despite all the melodic, romantic trappings, the LP serves only as background music for the band's heroic narcissism. Some Spandau songs work fine, especially in small doses (i.e., clubs), provided you can dance without messing your clothes.

Visage, however, makes genuine adventurous dance music, in the post-Kraftwerk/Ultravox vein. In the can for more than a year, their self-titled LP (Polydor) skillfully evokes a futuristic, East European romanticism, almost filmic in scope, thanks mostly to Ultravox-er Billy Currie's masterly synth, and maybe a little to singer Steve Strange's fey Captain Blood play.

On the uneven *Kings Of The Wild Frontier* (Epic), Adam And The Ants also take a cinematic cue—theirs from Ennio Morricone's soundtrack to *Tarzan On The Bounty*, starring Clint Eastwood. While little Adam cavorts charismatically, he can't decide whether to take himself seriously (his infantile "Ant-music for Sexpeople" routine), or just piss around (the hilarious "Press Darlings" and "Los Rancheros").

If y'got problems with first-generation posing, your troubles are only beginning. Not content to simply strike a jazzman's pose, New York's own Lounge Lizards twist things one notch further, posing as white boys posing as white-boys-playing-black-jazz-musicians. A droll display, but their first album (Editions EG) just kinda lies there; despite the shreds of tension provided by Arto Lindsay's serrated-edge guitar, it's fake jazz indeed.

And if *that* weren't bad enough, here're Japan's Plastics: yellows playing at whites playing at blacks; Nip-electrofunk. Sheesh. Dripping with Talking Headsisms, their American debut (Island) confronts the American consumptive obsession with a witty, omni-assimilating, Japanese sensibility. When will it all end?

—Lou Stathis

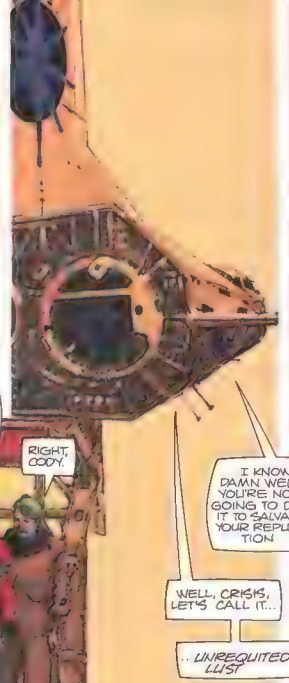
CODY STARBUCK
When last we read, Cody and Porfirio had set out to meet with Lady Tessa in order to sell her a clonedroid labor force for Detweiler. When the three of them met, she furiously ordered that Cody and Porfirio be imprisoned, tried, and executed ..for no apparent reason
. . . the canvas walls of the hut are shredded by percussion gunfire
ARRGH!
OOMPH!
GO, PORFIRIO NOW!
Outside, a roar of confusion as .
RENEGADES! MARAUDERS!
RAPID FIRE. CUT THROUGH THEM BACK TO THE GLIDER.
BZZZOW
CHUK
. . . through the confusion of death and destruction a warrior chieftan tries to subdue his valuable prize
WARM HER UP. GET A BLASTER... AND KEEP YOUR EYE ON ME!
C'MON, CODY. THIS IS NO TIME FOR MEDITATION.
YOUR PEOPLE WILL PAY THE RANSOM WITHIN DAYS. HOLD STILL!
GOOD MONEY YOU'LL FETCH, BITCH. JUST STOP SQUIRMING!
THANK GOD THOSE BASTARDS HAVEN'T GOTTEN TO OUR SHIP.
I SEE SOMETHING I'VE GOT TO HANDLE..
KEEP STRUGGLING WITH HIM, HONEY. JUST ONE MORE MOMENT
WORM! WORM! LET. ME. GO!
But the "bitch" is not so easily taken . . . not this time, at any rate.

Mortally wounded, the raider pitches to the ground. As he falls his foot catches in the stirrup. It will be many kilometers before this horse is released from its gory burden.
A RANSOM YOU'LL NEVER COLLECT!
LET ME GO! LET ME GO! MURDERER!
SHUT UP, DAMMIT! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!
YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!
THE HELL I AM! LET ME GO!
IF YOU DON'T STOP THIS, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO.
YOU!
..BASTARD!
MURDERER!
HURRY UP, CODY
IS SHE OKAY?
GIVE ME A HAND WITH HER
YES, I HAD TO CLIP HER SHE WOULD HAVE GOTTEN US ALL KILLED.
HOLD HER STEADY, ORSIS WE'LL BE THERE IN MOMENTS.
OKAY, PRINCESS, DO YOU NEED HELP GETTING OUT?
OHHHH, NO I CAN MAKE IT, MURDERER.
Somewhat later . . .
NOW, BEFORE YOU SPOUT OFF AGAIN, WE'LL TALK LIKE HUMAN BEINGS.
LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT. YOU ACCUSE ME OF, AMONG OTHER THINGS, MURDER. I AM A PIRATE AND A SOLDIER, NOT AN ASSASSIN.
THE BLOOD OF DETWEILER IS ON YOUR HANDS THAT'S ALL I HAVE TO SAY.

SHE SEEMS HYSTERICAL. I DON'T THINK SHE'S GOING TO TALK, CODY
DAMN. YOU ARE NOT A PRISONER, BUT IF THREATS OF VIOLENCE ARE WHAT IT TAKES TO GET SOME KIND OF EXPLANATION OUT OF YOU!
I'LL SPEAK
I am—I was—a Romany princess. Our caravan crossed the desert a year ago. In a valley, we found your ship.
You were the only human present . . your crew were little half men, their faces marked.
Drones
Hush, Crisis
We invited you to our evening meal.
You explained that you had been hired by the government to seed the clouds, to end the long drought.
You raised a toast of friendship to my family and went back to your ship.
That night my sleep was broken by shouts and gunfire . . .
As I left my steam wagon, you and your little demons were torching our camp and slaughtering my family.
I ran, and took a shot to the head.
You left me for dead.
I came to in the smoldering ruins of our caravan.
In shock . . . feverish . . I staggered west into the desert.
That day . . . the rains came.
THIS IS RIDICULOUS. BEFORE A FEW DAYS AGO, I'D NEVER HEARD OF DETWEILER, NOR SET EYES ON YOU.
GHOUL, LIAR. YOU ATE AND DRANK WITH US, THEN. . MURDERED. . FIRST MY FAMILY... THEN MY WORLD.

SEE HERE, STARBUCK. THIS FARCE HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH.
I AM BORED. GET IT OVER WITH. KILL ME NOW.
YOU FORGET, I KNOW THE HORROR THAT HIDES BEHIND THAT PRETENSE OF INNOCENCE.
OBVIOUSLY, NOTHING I SAY WILL CONVINCE YOU OF MY INNOCENCE.

SOMEONE IS OBVIOUSLY DOING A HELL OF A JOB IMPERSONATING ME!
WHAT D'YOU THINK WE SHOULD DO ABOUT IT, CRISIS?
WELL... IF YOU'RE ASKING ME TO SPECULATE ON THE LOOK IN YOUR EYE... I'D SAY WE'RE GOING TO HUNT DOWN THIS IMPOSTER.
AND DON'T ASK ME WHY..



A month of money time, and energy spent searching
Through the slums and star pits of a hundred worlds, he stalks unearthing information from friend and foe alike

Through the underworld of a collapsed federation he pursues the cold trail of his doppelgänger. his corrupt and twisted image . . until finally, the trail grows hot . . .

. . . on 1026, a world too unimportant to be named officially, but known to most as a robbers' roost.

Here he finds his quarry

TO BE CONTINUED.

Collage by **Larry Lanoff**

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL 1977: Sorry — SOLD OUT!

#2/MAY 1977: Russian astronauts, "Roger" the paranoid puppet, "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival and more ($4.00)

#3/JUNE 1977: Macedo's "Rockblitz," the highly praised "Sheila," the beginning of Davis's "World Apart," Moebius, Corben, Bode, more ($3.00)

#4/JULY 1977: Lots of Moebius' "Arzach," plus part one of "The Long Tomorrow"; also the final installment of "Sunpot" ($3.00)

#5/AUGUST 1977: The saga of "Polonius" begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart" and "Den" continue ($3.00)

#6/SEPTEMBER 1977: Roger Zelazny has a short story and Moebius, a space opera, plus more "World Apart," "Den," and "Polonius" ($3.00)

#7/OCTOBER 1977: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airtight Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" back again, yet more. ($3.00)

#8/NOVEMBER 1977: New Harlan Ellison fiction, nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart." ($3.00)

#9/DECEMBER 1977: Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz" by Druillet, "Fortune's Fool" by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color contributions from Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius ($3.00)

#10/JANUARY 1978: Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses*, "Conquering Armies" concludes, "Den" continues ($3.00)

#11/FEBRUARY 1978: New adventures of "Barbarella," wraparound cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius, Corben, et al ($3.00)

#12/MARCH 1978: Swashbuckling "Onion" makes a debut courtesy of Gray Morrow; and there's more "Barbarella," more "Urm," and yet more "Den." ($3.00)

#13/APRIL 1978: Our first anniversary issue! A thirty-page insert from "Paradise 9," and "Barbarella" gives birth, while "Den" wraps it up. ($3.00)

#14/MAY 1978: "Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Onion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat. ($3.00)

#15/JUNE 1978: Corben introduces Shahrazad Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Heilman" ($3.00)

#16/JULY 1978: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1996," the resumption of Druillet's "Gail," and yet more "Heilman," "Onion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights" ($3.00)

#17/AUGUST 1978: Sorry — SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER 1978: Corben's "Sindbad," Moebius's Major, "Heilman," "Onion," "Lone Sloane on Gail," and Harlan Ellison too ($3.00)

#19/OCTOBER 1978: "Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," the debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus the usual ($3.00)

#20/NOVEMBER 1978: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator," Major Grubert, "Heilman" 's final rebirth, more ($3.00)

#21/DECEMBER 1978: The stocking's full with "Onion," Kirchner's "Tarot," and twelve beautiful pages of Moebius ($3.00)

#22/JANUARY 1979: Trina makes her debut here, and Druillet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben. How much can you take? ($3.00)

#23/FEBRUARY 1979: "Galactic Geographic," "Starcrown" Corben's "Sindbad," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus Moebius, Bilal, and Macedo ($3.00)

#24/MARCH 1979: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starcrown" II and Ellison's late show ($3.00)

#25/APRIL 1979: Our second birthday bash, with Chaykin and Wein's "Gideon Faust," the "Alien" portfolio, and Val Mayerik's "Time Out." And much more ($3.00)

#26/MAY 1979: It's all-American (except for Druillet's "Dancin'" and a Proust joke): fifteen entries including Corben, Morrow the illustrated "Alien." ($3.00)

#27/JUNE 1979: Fifty-four pages of "Captain Future," plus more illustrated "Alien," and the final episode of "So Beautiful and So Dangerous." ($3.00)

#28/JULY 1979. Bode's "Zooks" premieres, Corben's "Sindbad" concludes Morrow and Moebius continue Mike Hinge debuts ($3.00)

#29/AUGUST 1979: Caza steals the show with "New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic" Bode more ($3.00)

#30/SEPTEMBER 1979: "Eric," "Buck Rogers," a lizard named "Elvis," and "Little Red V-3," alongside Montellier and Moebius ($3.00)

#31/OCTOBER 1979: Halloween strikes with a tribute to H. P. Lovecraft, with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet, Suydam others ($3.00)

#32/NOVEMBER 1979: Let us give thanks for Corben's "Rowlf," Bode's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination," Moebius and more ($3.00)

#33/DECEMBER 1979: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kofoed, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants" ($3.00)

#34/JANUARY 1980: A new year — *a new decade* — begins with a new look for *HM* with the debut of four new columnists, new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan, the conclusion of Corben's "Rowlf," and much more! ($3.00)

#35/FEBRUARY 1980: An eerie Couratin cover adorns this winter issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton" begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip ($3.00)

#36/MARCH 1980: Why did "The Crevasse" take Jeannette? For the answer read the Schuiten Bros. strip! Plus: Corben, Mateina, Moebius, and Lee Marrs's "Good Vibrations." ($3.00)

#37/APRIL 1980: Our third anniversary issue — 32 pages of "Champakou" in living color, the final installment of Moebius's "Airtight Garage," plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bode — and more! ($3.00)

#38/MAY 1980. Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will "Champakou" reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too? Take a look. We'll never tell ($3.00)

#39/JUNE 1980: "Champakou" meets his fate, while Captain Sternn" saves the day. And in their revenge, the Flying Wallendas vs. the Earth! ($3.00)

#40/JULY 1980: "The Alchemist Supreme" continues with Axle learning the truth about his sidekick Musky. Bilal's "Progress" begins, and Moebius returns with "Shore Leave." ($3.00)

#41/AUGUST 1980: Druillet returns with the first installment of "Salammbo" while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed). Bilal continues "Progress" ($3.00)

#42/SEPTEMBER 1980: "The Alchemist Supreme" concludes while Bilal's "Progress!" picks up steam. Ernie Colon, Paul Kirchner, and Leo Duranona all contribute nifty shorts, while "Rock Opera" gets stranger yet. ($3.00)

#43/OCTOBER 1980: Our Special Rock Issue, packed with goodies by McKie, Moebius, Voss, Spain, Druillet, Yeates, Ile, Howarth, Kierkegaard Jr., Colon, and Mateina and not to be missed! ($3.00)

#44/NOVEMBER 1980: With the *Shogun* spirit ablaze, this issue's cover, by Hajime Sorayama, is definitely in its element. Inside we give you some lovely: Claveloux, Moebius, Kaluta, Springett, and Bilal. ($3.00)

#45/DECEMBER 1980: Premiering: Corben's illustrated "Bloodstar," Crepax's "Valentina," and Godard and Ribera's "What Is Reality, Pape?" Plus "The Cutter of the Fog," "Rock Opera," and Moebius! ($3.00)

#46/JANUARY 1981: Jeronaton returns with "Woman." Don Wood makes his *HM* debut with "Bang Hah." Plus more Corben, Godard and Ribera, Mezieres, and "Rock Opera." Moebius tells us "There Is a Prince Charming on Phenixon!" Don't miss it! ($3.00)

#47/FEBRUARY 1981: William S. Burroughs discusses "Civilian Defense," while Rick Veitch shares with us his experiences at this year's Lucca fest. "The Horny Goof," an inimitable Moebius character, gets himself in and outta trouble, while "Bloodstar," "What Is Reality, Papa?," "Salammbo," and "Rock Opera" continue. Plus: Special-added attraction! Pages from Jeff Jones's new book *Yesterday's Lily* and an interview with the man himself. An Magic! ($3.00)

#48/MARCH 1981: "Tex Arcana," John Findley's epic Western begins. "What Is Reality, Papa?" and "The Ambassador of the Shadows" continue. And Druillet's interpretation of Flaubert's classic *Salammbo* comes to an end. Even with all of that going on, we still have room for Kierkegaard, Howarth, and Corben's "Bloodstar." Plus: Harlan Ellison's ever timely essay on violence in America ($3.00)

#49/APRIL 1981: "Art and the Nazis," Corben's "Bloodstar," Gimenez's "Good-bye, Soldier!," Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera. Don't think we could do it in one shot: did ya'? ($3.00)

#50/MAY 1981: The premieres of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortals: Fete 1. Plus: Suydam's "The Toll Bridge," and a William S. Burroughs piece on immortality ($3.00)

#51/JUNE 1981: The first installment of the Richard Corben interview in view. Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres, and Howarth's "Changes" winds up. Plus: Caza, Chaykin, Crepax, and our own John Workman! ($3.00)

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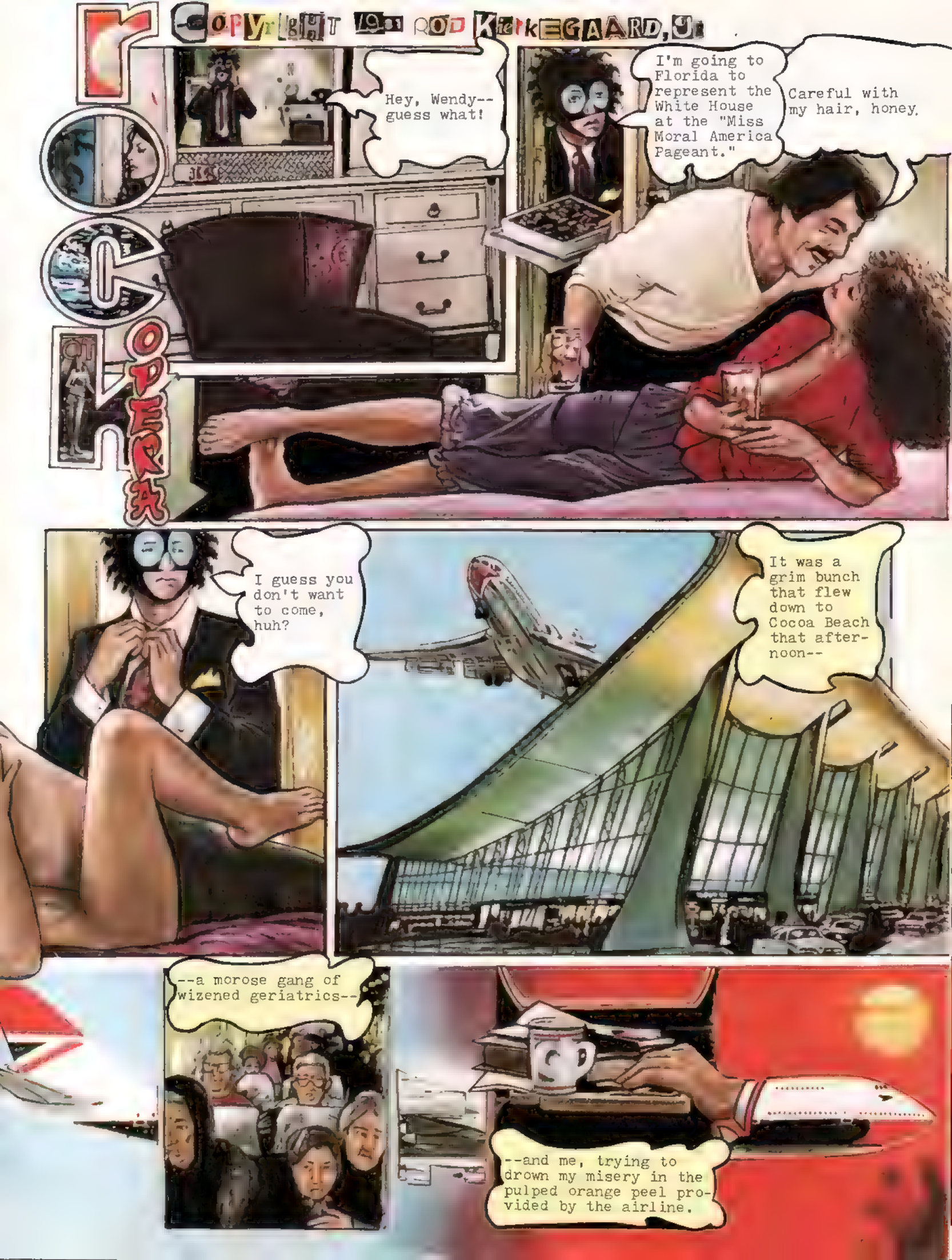
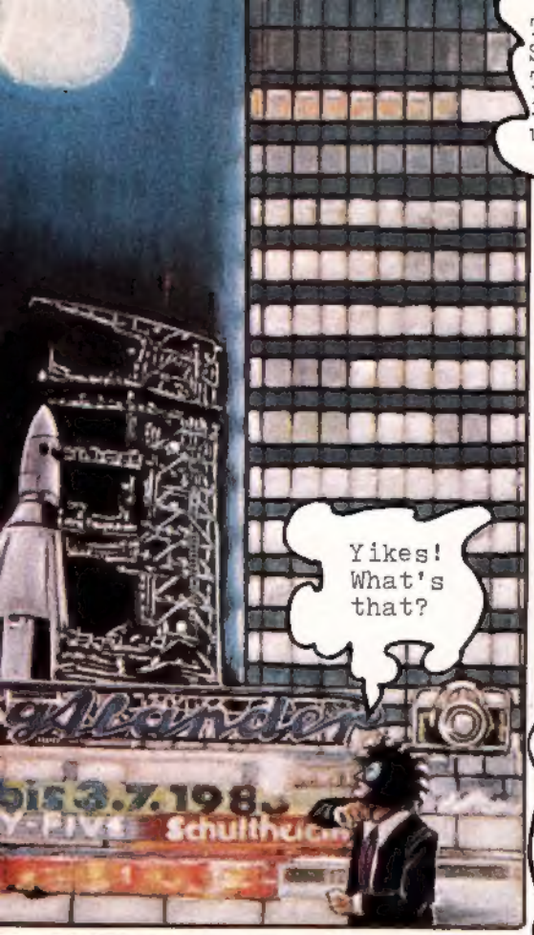

Hey, Wendy--guess what!
I'm going to Florida to represent the White House at the "Miss Moral America Pageant."
Careful with my hair, honey.
I guess you don't want to come, huh?
It was a grim bunch that flew down to Cocoa Beach that afternoon--
--a morose gang of wizened geriatrics--
--and me, trying to drown my misery in the pulped orange peel provided by the airline.

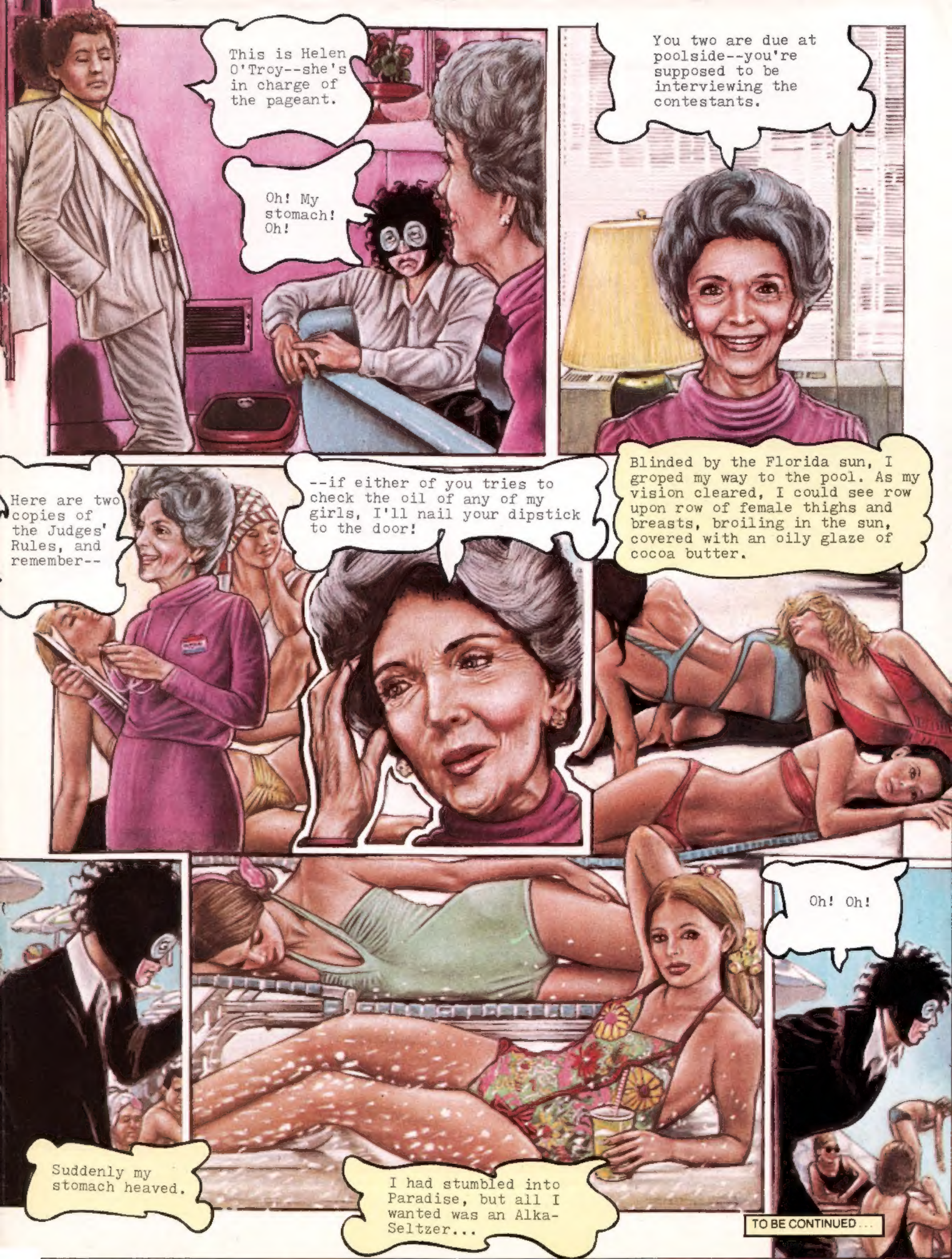
Hey! Are you the guy from the White House?
I'm Marty Meadows--we're going to be roomies during the pageant.
How do you do?
BASS
Terrible! Let's go find a bar.
So, you're a stand-up comic, huh?
Yeah, but I'm really lousy...my act just depresses people.
Oh--how come?
Because I'm not a happy person--that's how come! I've got rotten luck with women.
Well, join the club.
MORAL INN
Pun-leez reliss me, let me g...



In a drunken stupor, we found our hotel and checked in.

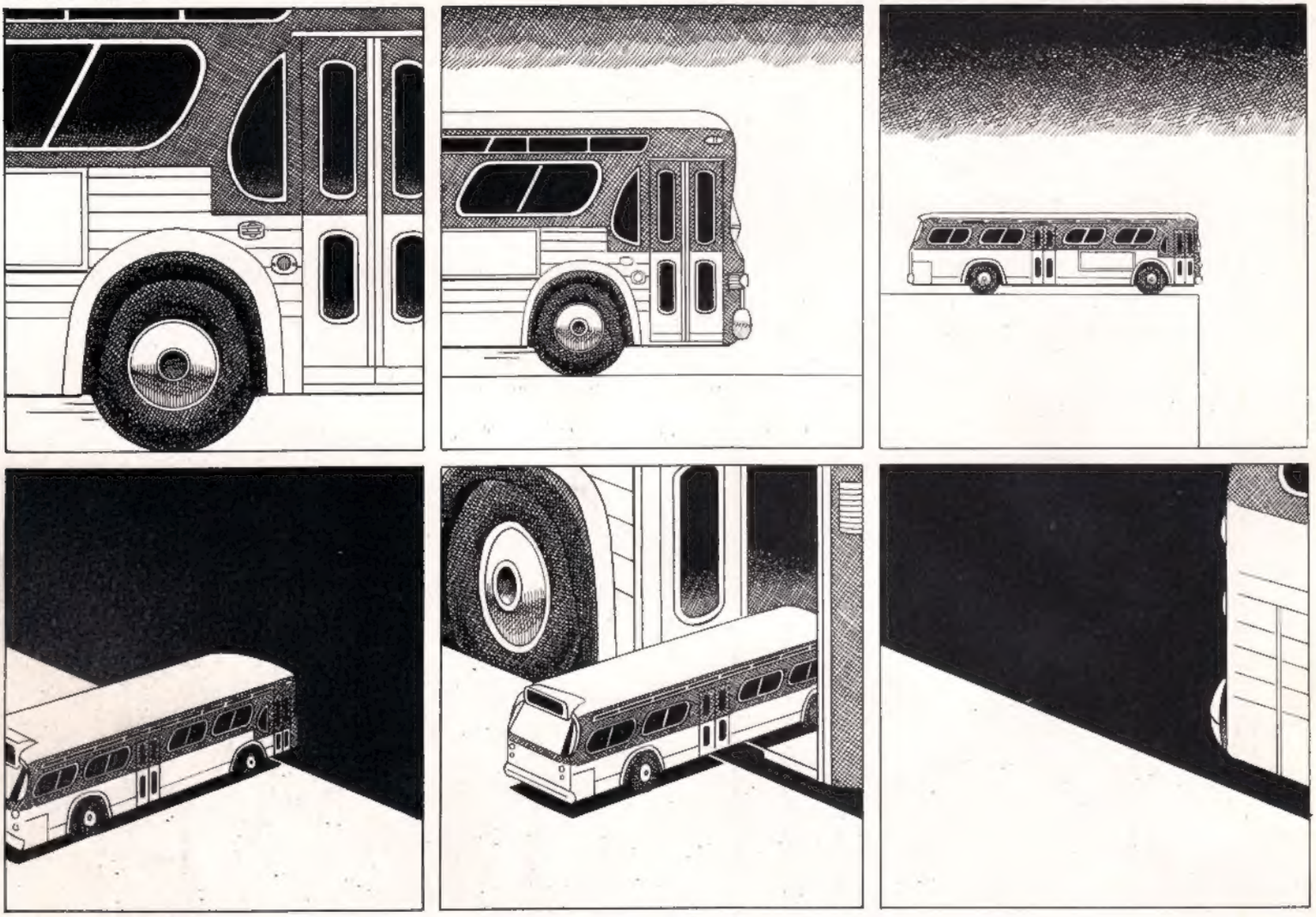
We were awakened early the next morning by a hammering on the door and a voice like the tinkling of a thousand little bells.

I had passed out in the bathtub and Marty had collapsed on the floor, after trying to pump his stomach out with a vacuum cleaner.


This is Helen O'Troy--she's in charge of the pageant.
Oh! My stomach! Oh!
You two are due at poolside--you're supposed to be interviewing the contestants.
Here are two copies of the Judges' Rules, and remember--
--if either of you tries to check the oil of any of my girls, I'll nail your dipstick to the door!
Blinded by the Florida sun, I groped my way to the pool. As my vision cleared, I could see row upon row of female thighs and breasts, broiling in the sun, covered with an oily glaze of cocoa butter.
Suddenly my stomach heaved.
I had stumbled into Paradise, but all I wanted was an Alka-Seltzer...
Oh! Oh!
TO BE CONTINUED...

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER©



COMING NEXT MONTH

Next month look for the 16-page supplement telling all the *whos*, *whys*, and *hows* behind the new *Heavy Metal* movie. Brad Balfour takes you behind the scenes as he travels to Montreal, London, Hollywood, and Ottawa. With him, you'll meet the producers, directors, and animators who will bring you the exciting new animated film based on the magazine of the same name. (Yep! The one in your very hands!)

The second episode of Jim Steranko's soon-to-hit-the-screen thriller *Outland*. Is Sean Connery in danger? You'll just have to wait and see.

Norman Spinrad's "Immoral Majority" is bound to ruffle a few feathers. Originally scheduled for the June issue, Spinrad's riveting conjecture was bumped just after the Reagan assassination attempt. Something like "It's not cricket."

Plus: Angus McKie and Dick Matena return with new strips.

Until then . . .

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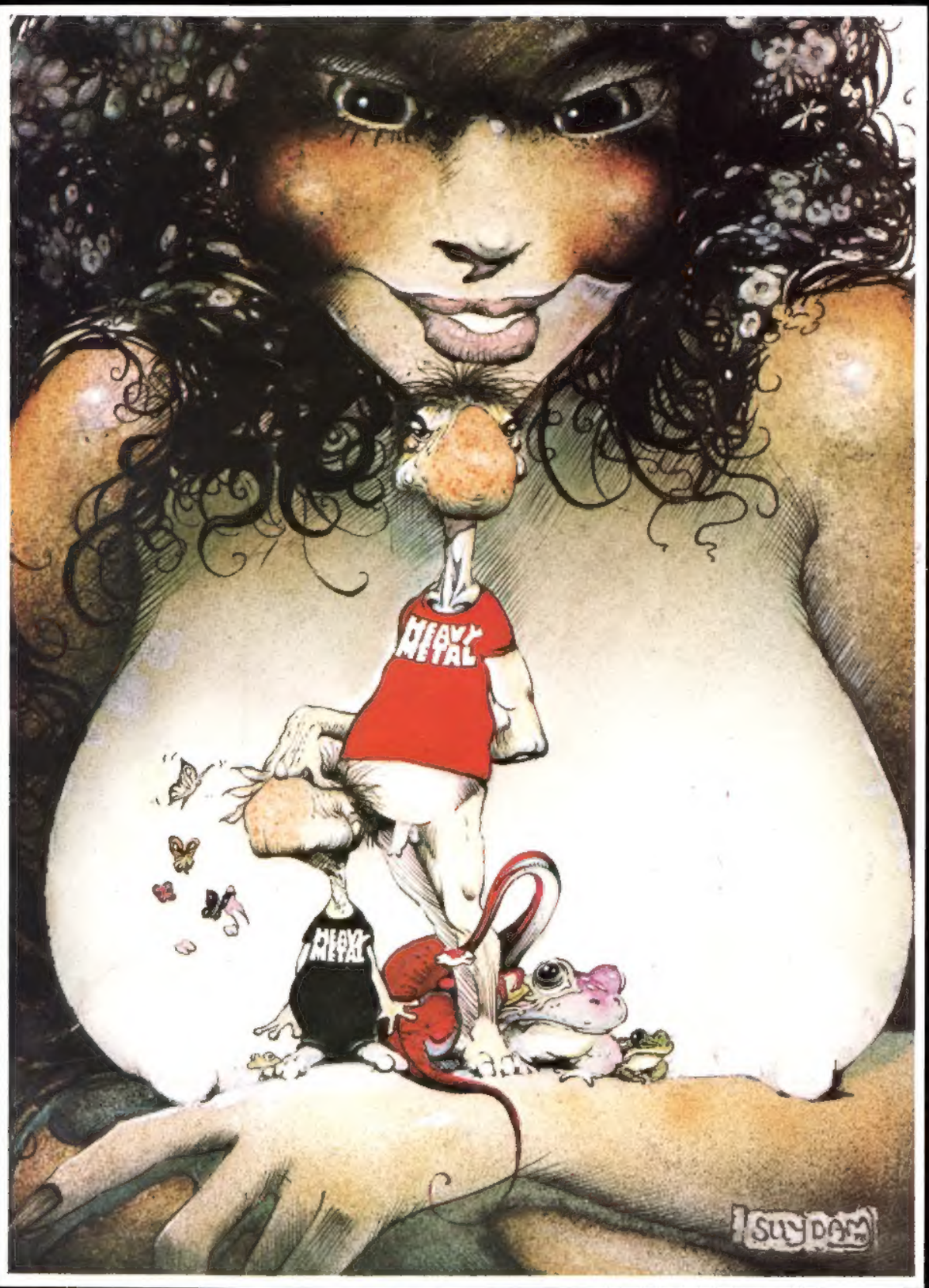

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